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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Is Sir Alexander Acland Hood guilty of "a great political crime"? If we are to take the Foreign Secretary's words quite baldly, he no doubt is—for has he not sent out from the Opposition Whip's office this week an official statement as to how the Navy movement is to be "run"? But no doubt what the Foreign Secretary meant was that it would be a great political crime if the Navy were misused by a party merely to serve its own selfish ends. We agree absolutely. This would be a crime. But does any man really believe that the demand of Mr. Balfour for the four extra Dreadnoughts is a mere base little party cry to hurt the other side? Does he think that the Guildhall meeting was fired by this wretched little motive? If he does, Heaven help him in his own littleness and base idea of men.

The truth is our whole conception of what "party" should and should not do wants to be thought out and stated more scientifically. Provided party behaves patriotically, we do not see why it should be debarred from the Colonies, the Navy, the Army. "It may do infinite mischief if it interferes there", some sentimentalists declare. But surely, if so, it may do infinite mischief when it deals with, say, Ireland or finance or social reform, with indeed any other great question bound up with the welfare of the State. That seems to be the unanswerable logic of the thing. Foreign politics, of course, should be ruled out. For one thing, we aim at continuity; for another, a few indiscreet words uttered aloud may be fatal; foreign policies, largely, are secret policies. As to the Navy, we had much rather both sides were agreed and able to work smoothly together. But if one side honestly thinks the other is not doing wisely with the Navy, it is their bounden duty to move. If they do not move, they are a rotten, incompetent party.

Hence we believe that the Opposition has acted wisely and boldly in openly taking up this Navy movement.

There is, by the way, besides foreign policy, another case where party should abstain. When the country is at war and in grave difficulties the party man who is a patriot will, of course, do nothing to embarrass his opponents who are in office. We can all remember how correct during the Boer war was the attitude in this of Mr. Asquith, Mr. Haldane, Sir E. Grey, and Lord Rosebery. Also one remembers that certain of their present colleagues were incorrect in attitude.

Mr. Lloyd George has sent back to the drawer the £200 cheque offered by Mr. Maxse towards the next lot of new Dreadnoughts; and with it he has sent a grave statesman's letter. Mr. Lloyd George approves of dignified patriotism, but it must not be "jumpy". This is good, but we may chance to recall the curious way he himself jumped during the Boer War. Impatriotism should not be "jumpy" either.

At the same time we doubt whether much is gained by this enthusiast sending a contribution towards the Dreadnoughts and that patriot offering to resign his seat and stand on a Dreadnought programme. We want plenty of acting in the matter, but not of the limelight sort. What the enthusiasts should do is set to work in the constituencies to make sure of a large Unionist majority at the next election. Showy exhibitions, however well meant, may tend to turn serious people away from a great movement.

We doubt whether Conservatives are wise in always running down the "Daily News". To our mind it is a most useful organ, for the arguments in favour of lessening our means of national defence are stated in it with perfect candour. If the Peace Conference would meet in Bouvierie Street instead of at The Hague some real progress might be made—towards, at any rate, making Great Britain a "conscript appendage". Its latest suggestion is to rule airships outside the practice of war. That is, if unintentionally, a patriotic idea—considering the small progress we are making with our Army airship. Germany, of course, would jump at it! But why not get powder and shot outside the rules and have done with the whole thing?

Certainly plenty of rubbish is being talked about aeroplanes. England, forsooth, is to be despoiled in a year or two by the Zeppelins. Perhaps Mars is not safe from the intrusions of the "aviators". We foretell that in a short time the new terror will be a sub-terrene ship which will sail through the earth as easily as the others sail through the water and air. By all means let us try to make our Army airships fly—by way of a change—but the war plant this country needs at the moment is heavier stuff.

Admiral Cervera, who died this week, by failure won a name above the successful enemy. Outside America the world has given the palm rather to the courteous, chivalrous, doomed Cervera than to the swaggering destroyer of unarmed wooden ships or to him who was to pave Hell with Spaniards. There was about Cervera a touch of the courtly chivalry of the great days. Without swagger and without fear he went out to certain defeat in obedience to duty. If in the Spanish Government—or the ring of parliamentary tricksters and placemen called a Government—there had been even one Cervera, things might have been different indeed. However, it is not Cervera's memory that will suffer.

Holland is much concerned in the celebration of an heir presumptive. The Dutch army is apparently unequal to the demands on it for review purposes. Hence four squadrons of raw cavalry recruits are in course of assiduous training. The officers have hopes that the squadrons will be able to pass the saluting point at the trot; but the gallop will not be allowed lest the brave lads fall off. It will be a great day in Dutch history; as great as a recent day in Southern Spain, when a brave captain, unexpectedly called upon to parade his troop to receive the King, dressed and armed, according to widespread report, tinker and tailor as well as soldier.

The situation in Tabriz, already serious enough, has now been aggravated by the appearance of Irish and American adventurers who are drilling the revolutionaries. Sir Edward Grey on Tuesday repeated his statement that both Russia and England have warned the Shah that he will be held responsible for any harm to foreigners. But what can the Shah do? Tabriz is in a state of anarchy which the intervention of foreigners will only intensify at the same time that it stiffens the backs of the revolutionaries. The populace is threatened with starvation, and when the end comes it will assuredly not be in the power of the Shah to control the furies that will be released. Between revolutionaries and Powers the Shah is crushed.

When Sir James Hulett at the Colonial Institute on Tuesday said that the draft South African Constitution had been accepted en bloc by the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony, he stated a significant, possibly even a sinister, fact. The Constitution may, we can only hope will, do all that Sir Lewis Michell claims for it. In solidifying South Africa it may make South Africa loyal to the Empire; but whatever its effect in that direction, it will assuredly give the Dutch all they fought for during the greater part of a century. Natal, unlike the Dutch colonies, will submit the Constitution to the direct vote of the people. Its acceptance will be no proof that they like the prospect of absorption, but that Natal does not wish to be to South Africa what Newfoundland is to Canada. As an isolated colony its position would soon be intolerable, and it will endorse with as cheerful a face as may be a departure which it cannot approve.

It was thought that an Indian officer would succeed Lord Kitchener as Commander-in-Chief, and as no very distinguished soldier in that army was available, someone whose name was not very well known would have to be appointed. Sir O'Moore Creagh, on whom the choice has fallen, must be reckoned a fortunate man. His record of service cannot be called distinguished. He has held no great command, either in

peace or war time; nor has he ever held any big Staff appointment. Sitting in the seat of Lord Clyde, Lord Strathnairn, Lord Napier, Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener, the new Commander-in-Chief seems rather a small personage. As Military Secretary at the India Office, however, he has had the good fortune to be in personal touch with Lord Morley; and to this no doubt he owes his advancement. We can only trust that the rumour of a mission to cut down the Indian Army is false. But it is clear that an officer with so little prestige will not be in so strong a position as Lord Kitchener.

We have already pointed out on several occasions that if the Territorial Force were ever embodied, there would be nowhere to house them. Mr. Haldane has now realised this, and in the Army Annual Bill he is taking the power of billeting them on private individuals when, as is only too likely to happen, all accommodation on licensed premises is taken up. The clause in the Army Annual Bill, however, which caused him most trouble was the transference of certain powers formerly vested in the Secretary of War, the Commander-in-Chief, and the Adjutant-General, to the Army Council. He was accused of sinister ulterior designs to prejudice the result of the Woods case; and was subjected to the inconvenience of an all-night sitting. But these powers were merely being transferred to relieve him of a lot of unnecessary routine work and to expedite business. Herein we can sympathise with him. A War Secretary's time should not be wasted in considering details and performing routine duties.

After Easter the House is immediately to plunge into the thick of party polemics; London Elections and the Budget. The London Elections Bill is nothing but a political move; a "reform" to improve the prospects of Liberals in London and to improve nothing else. This Bill will mean wigs (not Liberals?) on the green, rather on the floor with a vengeance. Then the Budget; after a little delay: the date has not yet been announced. The Government are not quite agreed about it, apparently. But it will be introduced in any case not many days after 19 April.

The idea that the House of Lords is going to fling out the Budget is a fevered idea. The Liberal press is trying to make play with it. We should say it is the last thing in the world the House of Lords is meditating or likely to meditate. Yet the plan seems to appeal to some rather heady candidates. The House of Lords, as Lord Courtney of Liskeard once unkindly reminded some Radical zealots, is an astute body. It is not going to do anything likely to cause confusion and irritation in the country. No: it is not the House of Lords, we think, that will fling out the Budget; but the country which at the first chance will fling out the authors of the Budget.

Stratford-on-Avon is being talked of now for something other than Shakespeare and Miss Corelli. Captain Kincaid-Smith (an indirect descendant—is he not?—of Johnny Kincaid, the humorous diarist of the Peninsular War) would make it a battlefield of patriotism. Has he not resigned that the men of Stratford-on-Avon may, by re-electing him, declare their readiness for national service? Quixotism is often splendid, but it does not often pay. Captain Kincaid-Smith should have remembered that it is impossible to make people vote on a single issue. He will be both supported and opposed on a score of other grounds than compulsory training. It is unfortunately more than likely that Captain Kincaid-Smith will be playing the game of just the very men he is most opposed to. Above all things the official Liberals want to get rid of him. They far prefer a Tory. Why should he oblige them? And yet how can he possibly be returned? If no Unionist came forward and the order were given to Conservatives to vote for him, the official Liberal would very likely get in. It is extremely difficult to get the rank and file to vote for a man not of

their own party, no matter what the leaders advise. As it is, the seat will be won over to the Unionists.

The Ministerialist press claims a "Victory" in East Denbighshire. It might hardly occur to us to claim a "Victory" if at an election we held S. George's, Hanover Square, by a slightly reduced majority. What is more odd, they explain that East Denbighshire is firm in its political faith because it is better educated than many wobbling English seats. We do not dispute the claim. It well applies to the University seats; and it applies to the City of London. It applies absolutely to the House of Lords. The House of Lords—like East Denbighshire—is firm in its political faith because it is made up of highly educated men.

It seems that the litigation between the Postmaster-General and the National Telephone Company all arose out of the clumsy wording of the Telegraph Act of 1869. "Telegraph" includes "telephone", and so when the telephones were purchased by the Government this Act governed the conditions under which the Telephone Company do their business. The Lord Chancellor remarked that the case afforded an admirable example of the danger to which great interests in this country are exposed by the slovenly manner in which even public Acts of Parliament are expressed, and that it is still worse with private Acts.

The Telephone Company contended that the owner of a private wire may use it without licence to communicate with other people, however numerous, provided the messages relate to his own business and are transmitted without charge. The Postmaster-General maintained that the wire can only be used by its owner for transmitting messages to and from himself and his own servants and agents. The Court held this must be so, even if no charge is made. But the condition is not so stringent as to prevent outside persons occasionally using the wire provided no charge is made. If the use became frequent and systematic, though gratuitous, the Postmaster-General's monopoly would be invaded. The Court described the claims of the Telephone Company as serious and going a considerable way to destroy the value of the Government monopoly.

The end of the postal strike in France has been the beginning of a new series of labour troubles which will probably lead to a general strike; they even hint at a political revolution. When Republican papers plaintively remonstrate with working men for expressing contempt for the Republic and its institutions we may infer that Republicans are pretty uneasy about the future. The Chamber has several times declared that the Civil servants cannot be allowed the right to strike as other employees may do. They must be content to accept the status which Parliament will define for them as the redress of their grievances. The Civil servants are divided into two bodies, one of which relies on parliamentary action; the other maintains that they must join the trade unions and use the power of the strike to its extreme limit.

At the great meetings which have been held in Paris those who hold they must join the unions have had their own way. They have outcried the section of employees who are still inclined to trust to parliamentary action. The notorious M. Pataud, who threw all Paris into darkness during a recent labour dispute, now heads the joint bodies of trade unionists and the more violently disaffected Civil servants. In M. Pataud's more select circle are many whose doctrine is sabotage, the ruin of all businesses in the hands of the bourgeoisie. If the movement makes much impression on the larger body of workmen there may quite possibly be a general strike in May, with general disturbance, repression, and, after that, who knows what?

Is there anybody against railway amalgamation on principle? We should hardly think so, even after reading the denunciatory speeches against the Great Northern, Great Eastern, and Great Central Bill. If

the Liberal and Labour members who voted against it, or the traders for whom they spoke, could have amalgamation on their own terms, they would not refuse it. They only suspect any particular Bill because it is promoted by directors and shareholders. Mr. Churchill helped the second reading by urging that the second reading of a private Bill was not like that of a public Bill. We should have thought that the prospect Mr. Churchill held out to them, of the larger amalgamation for which every amalgamation prepared the way would have appealed to the Labour members; but they remained obdurate.

Mr. Richard Bell's speech in favour of sending the Bill to a Committee was perhaps more decisive than any other. He adopted the argument, used alike by Mr. Churchill and Sir Frederick Banbury, that it is as contrary to the interests of the public and workmen as to those of the shareholders that a railway should be in a moribund condition. This of course meant that he thought every amalgamation scheme should be examined on its merits as any other private Bill—by a Committee. This is evidently the sensible way of treating the Bill of the three railway companies. But there is a peculiarity in this case that the Committee is supposed to inquire into the policy of amalgamation in general. It is not quite easy to understand the procedure. How can it decide as an abstract proposition whether the tendency of railway companies to amalgamate is right or wrong? It has enough to do in securing that the proposed amalgamation is fair to the interests that have a right to be represented.

In Committee the Housing and Town Planning Bill will be pulled about a good deal on several points taken by Mr. Lyttelton. But the Bill itself on its main proposals can be supported by both parties, as it was by Mr. Lyttelton on the second reading on Monday. It is really a second edition of the Bill which a year ago passed second reading and was discussed twenty-three days in Grand Committee. Mr. Lyttelton agreed that the Bill was required to remove many evils arising from the ill-planning of towns and bad housing; and remarked that he was naturally sympathetic towards a Bill which introduced required amendments into legislation which the Conservative party began with their Act of 1890. Mr. Burns' only new contribution to the subject was an amusing double entente which hit his Liberal friends who profess to fear the Bill will endanger open spaces. With those gentlemen "whose minds are filled with open spaces" he would not argue the point seriously.

If constant iteration that more Judges in the High Court are necessary avails anything, we shall have them at some day more or less remote. The latest voice is from the Committee appointed to consider the extension of jurisdiction of the County Courts. Because there are too few Judges every branch of the Judicature is suffering. Judges on circuit cannot afford time to try cases there. This causes litigants either to bring their cases in the County Courts or in London; and so while the circuits are starved the County Courts and the High Courts cannot do their work. The Committee recommend instead of the present circuits the grouping of business at central places. The Government will need to have courage to disregard the outcries of present assize towns. This is a rock on which circuit reform generally splits. Judges would have to spend much more time in the country than they do now; and so in order to keep the High Courts going too there would have to be more Judges.

One might suppose that if the proposed Central Provincial Courts were at work, there would be little reason for the extension of the jurisdiction of the County Courts. But the Committee recommend that the County Courts shall try certain classes of cases which they cannot now try. The most important of these would be matrimonial causes. It is very objectionable to make divorce easier than it is; and the Committee

point out another disagreeable feature. All the local papers would be reporting unpleasant cases. It is bad enough with only one Court at work. So the Committee have to recommend that the right of publication should be confined to the decrees made. There are a good many public and professional reasons against County Courts becoming Divorce Courts. Quite well-to-do people will go to the County Courts, though the people of London are not to have the privilege. What will become of the Divorce Court itself and its Bar? In various ways the solicitors will gain at the expense of the Bar if the County Court jurisdiction is extended.

Our correspondent the male suffragette or, as he signs himself, "A Member of the Men's League for Women's Suffrage", returned to the charge last week with his old puzzle-headed enthusiasm. He cannot understand our attitude in condemning the barbarous and illiberal policy of France towards religion and at the same time opposing female enfranchisement. Because we are against religious persecution, we are not therefore in favour of increasing the political power of the priest or the chapel. Our correspondent has likewise misunderstood our argument about the coloured vote in the Southern States of the American Union. We do not compare English women with American men of colour. What we said, and repeat, is that if you give the majority of votes to the physically feeble portion of a community, that majority will be ignored by the physically stronger minority. And this is true, whether the majority consist of fair Christabels or dark Sambos.

The serio-comic affair at the Ruskin College is having a rest for Easter. When the fun begins again, there may be two Colleges—one without students, and the other without a teaching staff. Whether the venerable name of Ruskin will be used for both we do not know. It would probably not be a sufficiently aggressive title for the students, whose leader belongs to an international association calling itself the "Industrial Workers of the World". Ruskin himself never got so far as to preach the doctrine of the natural and fundamental enmity between employers and employed and the tyranny of all wealth. But the revolt has broken out because the heads of Ruskin College were not inclined to have teachers lecturing on these lines. So the students turned themselves into Professors, and they now intend to start an establishment of their own with contributions from the Labour party and socialistic trade unions. They belong to the working classes and are training for labour leaderships. The whole story is a parody of the struggle between the trade unionists proper and the socialists. A smattering of education added to the natural conceit of young men in their position is at the bottom of the trouble.

Lord Rosebery pitched his speech on the presentation to Lord Wemyss of his portrait very high; but it was an occasion for high speaking. Lord Wemyss is a really grand figure. To have lived long and never grown old, to have made many friends and no enemies by persistently telling the truth, by never fearing to attack, by never calculating consequences, this is a great record—we should almost say unique. Naturally it would appeal peculiarly to Lord Rosebery. Is it malicious to hint that if rectitude has made for health and happiness, inability to see the other side has helped? It saves much worry. How much more is a man than his opinions. A few years hence how many of those who look on this picture will think twice of Lord Wemyss' opinions? But the man will never be forgotten.

We are glad that Oxford are not to row either Harvard or the Belgians. This restraint is commendable, for in the flush of a fine win the President of the O.U.B.C. might easily have felt ready to take on anybody. These international races do not, in our judgment, as we have often said, make for true sport, and have had an injurious effect on rowing and other athletics in this country. If we must have them at all, the quadrennial New Olympics are quite enough.

UNIONISTS AND THE NAVY.

MR. BALFOUR has taken a strong decisive step to meet the parrot cry of making the Navy party politics. Such a cry is quite the usual thing with the parrots when they wish to impose their government on the more virile eagles. Now they have been met by the bold announcement of the preparation of a great national campaign in favour of beginning eight "Dreadnoughts" as soon as possible, for which the whole Unionist party organisation is to be thrown into the encounter. In a matter so vital to the life of the Empire—stability may absolutely depend on the presence of eight more battleships of the latest type by the beginning of 1912—the preposterous plea is put forward by those who have hitherto so neglected the Navy as to allow Germany unnoticed to provide for fifty per cent. more armoured ships since they have been in office, that we must not use the chief organised channels of public opinion for fear of splashing ourselves with party politics. What has the Government done but avail itself of the implicit trust of the British people, who naturally believe that no Government, however foolish, will run risks in regard to the Navy? How was the party machinery being manipulated at the National Liberal Federation when pressing for economy on the Navy? Is it legitimate for a party organisation to press for reduction of our vital defences, and illegitimate, at a time of grave public anxiety kindled by the Prime Minister himself, to press for the increase of our naval armaments? Is the Unionist party, with countless organisations in constituencies, to wait until the Navy League, which a few months ago had possibly eighty ill-organised branches in the country, builds up its strength and has grown to full stature? The danger is on us now, and, though the Navy League is going ahead splendidly, we have not the faintest doubt that the non-party movement must be reinforced by the full machinery of public opinion, whether it be platform or pulpit, if the situation is to be saved. The Cabinet are thinking only of saving their face, of appearing before the public with some formula on which they can reconcile their divergent opinions. This hesitating frame of the Ministerial mind is the mainspring of German activity, and the only way to meet the ambitions of our rivals is a fervent response of the nation to Mr. Balfour's appeal at the Guildhall on 31 March: "You must not only have power to build; you must build, build without delay, without hesitation, without waiting for contingencies, for obscure circumstances, for future necessities. You must build now to meet the present necessity. For, believe me, the necessity is upon you. It is not coming upon you in July, or November, or April next; it is on you now. And it is now that you must begin to meet it."

Far be it from us in following Mr. Balfour's lead as to battleships, on which the command of the sea depends, to assume that this is the sole question at issue. Beyond the eight battleships lie many other questions, of administration, personnel, repairs, stores, and last, but by no means least, the subsidiary craft of small cruisers and destroyers, which are the antennae of battleships. For the moment they are dwarfed, though the whole of these questions hangs together. The astounding failure of foresight in the Admiralty which brought on it the scathing sarcasm of Mr. Asquith as to the "best possible sources of information", though immediately connected with "Dreadnoughts", necessarily draws attention to the failure of Admiralty administration and to the need of inquiry during peace rather than war. The Admiralty cannot plead that our manning resources allow of manning fifty battleships and yet state that we may have twenty "Dreadnoughts" and forty pre-"Dreadnoughts" or sixty in March 1912. Either ten of the pre-"Dreadnoughts" will then be scrapped or they will have to be manned, and it takes time to train the 7500 men required to man them. Yet the personnel remains stationary at 128,000 men and boys, whereas when the Liberal Government in 1894 brought in a programme of seven battleships they also provided for an increase of personnel of 6700 men and boys. The Admiralty which

allowed the Government to starve the Navy in the prime requisites of battleships is hardly likely to have paid much regard to the less showy but essential parts of the great machinery of war. When Lord Charles Beresford breaks his silence in a fortnight's time he has a great opportunity, and he can be trusted to do what the unfortunate Admiral Cervera did too late—warn his countrymen of the disasters he clearly foresaw. In a pathetic interview prior to the war the Spanish sailor forecast that in the event of war and his appointment to the chief command he was "going to a Trafalgar". Then he indicated what was necessary to prepare for war, "otherwise we shall go to a Trafalgar. Remember what I say". For Spain Trafalgar is a day of baleful memory, for us it is a theme of glory. Has the century of maritime peace that it gave us blinded us to the need of vigilant and unceasing preparation? If so, to what higher purpose can a party organisation be put than to waking up the whole nation to the need of that efficiency about which the Liberal Imperialist merely talked?

L.C.C. BUSINESS.

TUESDAY was a field day at the L.C.C. There was Mr. Hayes Fisher's budget, and the next elections are casting their shadows before. We have always said that the new régime would not make much difference in the amount of the rates the Council has to levy. This is not the real test between the two parties. Last year and this year the general rate was the same, and this year the rate for education is three farthings in the pound more than it was last. Neither party can save, however much it desires, on the cost of education. Parliament is constantly placing on local authorities new duties, and the local authorities themselves are always being pushed on by the growth and shifting of population and modern ideas of hygiene and comfort into increased expense. It is probable that the Progressives would have increased the education rate by more than three farthings in the pound. It is very likely, for example, that if they had the management of the medical treatment of school children they would make it more costly than it need be. This is a troublesome and expensive new duty which cannot be evaded by one party or the other. There are some 600,000 children in the schools suffering from diseased eyes, ears, throats, and skin. The Education Committee report that about 60,000 children suffer from defective vision. There is a loss of attendance from ringworm in the year of 1,179,934, and the loss of grant from this cause alone amounts to £5,654 per annum. Now the X-ray treatment is the new cure for ringworm, and it is beyond the reach of the general practitioner. Neither the views of the "Municipal Reformer" nor of the Progressive can tolerate ringworm being constantly prevalent in the schools. So the children must be treated in hospitals or institutions that have an X-ray installation, which costs £100. In the end it pays. The experience of the Metropolitan Asylums Board shows this. It maintained two ringworm schools under the old treatment, and now after the X-ray treatment one of the schools is not required. This shows the sort of work that must be done by the Council in the future. The contrast between the two parties arises when the Municipalists desire to make use as far as possible of existing institutions, helping only by financial contribution, and are inclined to put off for further inquiry the provision of school clinics, where no other means exists, by the Council itself. They are for investigation and caution. The impatient Progressives are either for the establishment of a general system of school clinics offhand, or they demand a scheme prepared forthwith by the Education Committee without further inquiry, combining existing institutions and the school clinics. This eagerness to take up projects in a hurry is a characteristic of the Progressives; and the Municipalists, warned by such examples as the steamboats fiasco, feel bound to err—if they do so at all—on the side of caution. On this point, which is very difficult, one will be guided rather by his feeling on general grounds for one side or the other than

by a definite opinion. But there is another matter of education policy on which the Municipalists have scored and shown up their opponents splendidly. We are the more pleased with it because it is chiefly their education policy which makes the Municipalists more acceptable to us. They stand for religious teaching in the schools, and against undenominationalism. When the Education Committee received applications from the Church of England and Nonconformist students at the Avery Hill Training College for specific religious instruction, it of course welcomed a proposal so much in unison with the party's principles. It communicated with the Bishop of Southwark, and the Rev. J. Scott Lidgett on the part of nonconformists, and they reported that they were prepared to be responsible for the instruction and would let the Committee know for approval the names of the persons they recommended as instructors. The Principal of the College was ready to make the necessary arrangements, about which he saw no difficulty; but at the last moment the Rev. J. Scott Lidgett withdrew. He found he had not the support of his party. The Progressives, as might have been expected, saw they would be committing themselves to a plan which was inconsistent with their party policy on the question of education. They would take the wind out of their own sails if they helped in showing how easy it is to do what is right in Training Colleges, what they denounce as impossible and wrong in the schools.

We are on less favourable ground for the Municipalists when we come to the question of the G.B. stud experiment on the Aldgate and Bow tramline. But the Progressives have made more than a fair use of it as a party cry. It would have passed muster as a controversial *tu quoque* when the steamboat breakdown, with its loss of £30,000 a year, was rubbed in as an example of Progressive policy and finance. The Progressives have, however, misrepresented the whole thing, and we wonder that the "Municipal Reformers" have not had their case better presented than it has been. If at the beginning of the experiment they had made the public thoroughly understand that the Progressives had been considering an experiment with a stud system before the election of 1907, the Municipalists' action would not have been misunderstood as it has been. Before the 1906 elections the Progressives were alarmed at the heavy expense of electrifying the Aldgate and Bow tramline. The expense per mile of electrification of this particular part of the system, they knew, would be £6,000 or £7,000 more than either the conduit or overhead wire system elsewhere. They had discussed the stud system, which placed the cost of installation at several thousand pounds per mile less than the conduit or overhead systems, even at the places where lines could be most easily laid. The fact is that before the elections the Progressives were contemplating an experiment with a stud system. The general impression is that the experiment actually made by the "Municipal Reformers" was a gratuitous experiment foolishly made in obstinate opposition to the intentions of the Progressives. That is not so. The Progressives never decided not to lay down a stud system. If they had returned to power, they would have tried the experiment themselves. They say now, of course, that they would not; but even if they honestly believe it, this is a sort of prophecy after the event which counts for nothing in the mouths of the reckless experimenters with the steamboats. The G.B. stud experiment had had a sufficient amount of success in Lincolnshire to make out a *prima facie* case for its installation on the Aldgate and Bow line, where the difficulties and cost of the conduit or overhead system were so great. The people of the neighbourhood were protesting against the lines being laid on either of those systems. According to a report of Mr. Morley, President of the Institution of Electrical Engineers, the stud system might still be made practicable. The money has been thrown away, therefore, because the Progressives have succeeded in persuading the public that the stud system is nothing but a fad of the Municipalists. They have concealed what the Municipalists ought to have made plain long ago, that both parties were anxious not to lay down a conduit or over-

head system on the Aldgate and Bow line. The Progressives were logically implicated in the stud system; but they have unscrupulously shuffled out of their share of responsibility for the result. They are on velvet. They could contemplate a stud system, but they were fortunate enough to leave their opponents to make the experiment. If it were not for the elections the Municipalists would probably still make their experiment a success; but what party has the courage of its own convictions when its opponents have hoodwinked the public?

THE GOVERNMENT AND A SCOTCH SWINDLE.

MINISTERS are not quite prepared to say. They require "further and better particulars", but they have no prejudice on the specific subject over which the question has arisen. They will maintain an open mind until they know how many of the persons concerned are for the swindle and how many against. That is the obvious interpretation of the Lord Advocate's answer to a question by Mr. Cochrane. The member for North Ayrshire wished to know whether the Government proposed to take legislative action in consequence of the judgment in the case of *Gillespie v. Riddell*. He meant, Were the Government prepared to abolish the principle in law which made that judgment possible? The Minister answered, in effect, "Yes: if 'there is a measure of practical unanimity in favour of abolishing,' we are". The genesis and the upshot of the litigation referred to can be set forth simply. In the June of 1903 Sir Rodney Stuart Riddell granted to Mr. Charles G. Gillespie a lease of the farm of Ardery in Argyllshire. It was in all respects similar to the leases which are common in the sheep-rearing regions of Scotland. The proprietor of the estate of which the farm is part died in January 1907. He was succeeded by Miss Louisa Margaretta Riddell, his sister, who found herself in a difficult position. On Ardery, as on all other similar farms, the stock of sheep is permanent. It is passed on from one tenant to the next, or from an outgoing tenant to the proprietor. The "value" of the flock is determined by two arbiters, one representing the outgoing tenant and the other representing the incoming tenant or the landlord; or, in the event of these being unable to agree, by a third arbiter, who is called the "oversman". The price at which the stock had been issued to Mr. Gillespie was £1319. That, it appears, was much in excess of the market value. At any rate, Miss Riddell foresaw that she would probably be without means to pay such a sum when the time came for her to take over the stock. Accordingly, in order that the difficulty might be settled with as little delay as possible, she gave notice that Mr. Gillespie's tenancy should come to an end in 1908, for which year the lease provided to either party the option of a break; and intimated repudiation of the clause providing that the tenant "shall receive the same price as he paid on his entry". Her contention was that, having come into the property only through entail, she was entitled to regard the financial stipulation about the sheep stock as being unlawful and unjust. Mr. Gillespie of course took the contrary view, and sought to have it enforced. But on appeal Lord Robertson found it impossible to regard Sir Rodney Riddell's financial arrangement about the sheep stock "as anything else than a burdening or alienation, and as a flat contradiction of the entail".

As there are many hundreds of current leases similar to the lease which was thus set aside, the judgment caused much commotion throughout the Highlands and the hilly regions on or about the Border. Very soon the Scottish Chamber of Agriculture formally demanded that Parliament should retrospectively and prospectively legalise the action of bonus-granting on the part of proprietors in entail, and the Lord Advocate received the demand with favour. That is the demand to which the Government, if sufficiently encouraged, are ready to yield. In order to realise what would follow the concession it is necessary to consider how the "valuation" system works on estates which are not entailed. There

is no reason for supposing that Sir Rodney Riddell knew the lease into which he entered to be unjust to anybody or unlawful. He was not moved by greed or other self-seeking. He was governed by circumstances. In dealing with his flocks on a system of inflated values he did no more than fall in with a custom of the country. Very quietly, almost imperceptibly, the custom began about the year 1890. Until then, for many generations, the flocks had been passed on from tenant to tenant, or from tenant to landlord, at sums settled on the principle that they should be a shilling or two a sheep more than the market value. The extra sum was in respect of acclimatisation and was not unreasonable. When a flock is moved from one place to another, sheep in a small percentage die or fall off in quality; but an established flock, a "going concern", is less subject to such losses. In this little fact there was perceived an opportunity to make much money out of nothing. Why should the acclimatisation value be restricted to a shilling or two? Why should it not be progressive? Against making it progressive there was the good reason that a shilling or so a head amply covered it, and would amply cover it at all times; but that did not stay the enterprise of the canny persons to whom the idea had occurred. The prices fixed in valuation by the arbiters began to rise. Before many years flocks everywhere were being transferred at rates hardly ever less than twenty shillings a head more than the sheep were worth! These rates are still maintained. As the "custom" spread and developed the landlords, of course, ceased to feel flattered by the values placed upon the flocks. They realised that, however often these values might become the temporary responsibility of tenants, they themselves were ultimately responsible. They themselves would have to pay off the fictitious portions of the values whenever they failed to find men willing to take tenancies of farms according to "the custom of the country". In short, debts in respect of every sheep farm, for no value received, were being automatically piled up on their estates. How heavy these debts were, and are, can be indicated by a single case. A tenant who took advantage of the option of the first break in his lease was awarded a bonus fully £100 in excess of all the rents he had paid in five years! That is to say, the landlord, instead of receiving anything for the use of the land and the buildings, had to pay fully £100 for the privilege of having these occupied and used for five years. The case was exceptional only in respect that the tenant did not wait until the lease had run its course. A few landlords, those who have incomes apart from the revenues of their estates, have set things right by themselves taking over the stocks, clearing off the debts created by the progressive-bonus system, issuing the stocks to new tenants at actual values, and stipulating that they shall not henceforth change hands at more than their worth; but these are exceptional in good fortune. In most cases the landlords are helpless. No man in the wide regions affected, not even a tenant-farmer, seriously maintains that the usage is morally or economically justifiable. All who are acquainted with it know it to be monstrous. At the bottom of it is all the unscrupulous greed of Leaguism in Ireland, working through a contemptible cunning from which the Irish nature is free. Still, the swindle goes on. If the Government act as they are willing to act it will go on permanently, or until the ruin is complete, under the auspices of the State.

INSURANCE: ECONOMIC LIFE OFFICE.

THE directors of the Economic Life Assurance Society had a very satisfactory valuation report to present to their policyholders at the recent annual meeting. After showing comparatively poor results at the previous two valuations, the Society has now recovered, and is in a better position than perhaps at any former time. The rate of bonus declared is equal to the average which obtained between 1858 and 1893, but the bonus prospects for the future seem to be appreciably better than in those days when the Economic was famous for its excellence. At 1898 the

basis of valuation was made more stringent, and in 1903 there was a large amount of depreciation in the capital value of securities. In each year, consequently, the rate of bonus was small. Now, however, the bonus has gone back to a reversionary addition of £1 per cent. per annum calculated on sums assured and previous bonuses. When it is remembered that for most with-profit policies the Economic charges a lower rate of premium than any other office which gives bonuses every five years, with the result that the sum assured for a fixed premium is very large, it will be recognised that this £1 bonus yields extremely good results to the policyholders.

The cash value of these bonuses—or, in other words, the surplus distributed—amounts to £246,997. During the past five years the difference on revaluation of securities came to £126,061, whence it is apparent that had the market prices of securities been more favourable than they were the bonus might have been at the rate of 30s. instead of 20s., and some such result as this higher figure may perhaps be expected in the future. In saying that "the results of the valuation are a fair measure of the success of the Society's operations during the five years", the directors in some sense understate their case. We hope it is unlikely that any such amount for depreciation will have to be written off during the next five years, while it is perfectly possible that some considerable part of the decrease in capital values will be recovered from subsequent appreciation of securities. Thus while a source of loss in the past is not to be anticipated in the future, there is a distinct possibility that the depreciation during the past quinquennium will be a source of increased value during the next five years. Even if this is not so the income from many of these securities which have gone down in capital value remains the same as before, and consequently the rate of interest earned upon the book values of the assets is higher than previously. This increase in the rate of interest earned upon the funds is further contributed to, because the low market prices for securities has enabled the Society to make many investments on favourable terms. This tends to a permanent improvement in the rate of interest earned, while pointing also to an increase at some future date in the capital value of securities purchased when prices were low. Thus from every point of view the prospects of this old mutual society appear to be distinctly better than they were during the past five years, when the results to policyholders were excellent.

It is a happy feature of British life assurance that the offices are left free to charge what rates of premium they like, to issue such policies as they choose, and generally to manage their business in their own way. This system is in direct conflict with that which prevails in most if not all of the American States, and even with the insurance legislation which is contemplated in the Dominion of Canada, against portions of which the English offices doing life business in the Colonies are protesting. The Economic, for instance, charge exceedingly low rates of premium for with-profit policies with immediate participation in surplus. This has the effect of giving a very large amount of insurance protection for a given annual outlay. In many circumstances this is a most important consideration, but it means that a large part of the premiums paid for life assurance is used for protection purposes, and a comparatively small part is applied for savings, or investment, purposes. Some people are so circumstanced as to make a relatively small payment in the event of early death, accompanied by a large payment many years after the assurance was effected, the preferable plan; but probably for the bulk of people the Economic system of the largest possible amount of assurance in the event of early death, involving smaller bonuses in the future, is the more suitable system. British life assurance, left free to develop as it will, is comprehensive enough to embrace all methods.

CHRISTIANITY IN ITALY.

BY A TRAVELLER.

III.

THE evident object of the masons and their allies the socialists is empire. By de-Christianising the people as rapidly as possible they hope to form a party so formidable as to resist the alien Catholics, monarchists, and moderate liberals, and thus to obtain a majority in the Parliament which will enable them to govern on their own lines; but as in France they represent a house divided against itself (the rift in masonic unity is a well-known and significant fact too intricate for these papers), and whereas the Catholic and monarchic party ends in the moderate liberals, that is, a party of order, the anti-clericals have their root in anarchy, which means social disorder and ultimate confiscation and pillage. The late Francesco Crispi began this unfortunate movement in the early 'eighties by imitating Jules Ferry and Paul Bert, who were in power at that time in France. But, owing to the fact that Italy was not at that period sufficiently prepared to receive ultra-anti-clericalism, he was not quite so successful as his French models. He was unable completely to de-Christianise even the communal schools, but, as already stated, he effected the de-Christianisation of the army and of the military colleges, the universities, etc. From him, therefore, dates the rapid decline of Italy in faith and also in morals, for with the diminution of the religious ideals the modern Italians have lost much of their former domestic morality and of their social elegance and distinction. It was possible thirty years ago to have a gay and brilliant carnival in Venice and elsewhere; to-day it is impossible, for the rowdy and indecent element has become too powerful to permit of anything approaching the old well-bred merriment which was so attractive even thirty years ago, when ladies of the highest rank were able to attend the veglione or masked balls at the Opera House without seeing anything calculated to offend the most susceptible. The manners of every class of society have visibly deteriorated. The modern Italians imitate in dress as nearly as possible the English, and have adopted the worst habits of the French. The middle class follows suit, and the lower classes are throwing off their distinguishing and beautiful costumes and have visibly deteriorated in every way. Taste in art has fallen to its lowest expression in Italy, and this notwithstanding millions have been spent upon public monuments and such dreadful buildings as the new Palace of Justice at Rome and the new streets of Milan, Genoa, Naples, etc. Rome has been disfigured irretrievably. In a country whose population is generally so poor as to have compelled, during the past ten years, something like five millions of peasants to emigrate, and in which that fearful scourge the pellagra due to the heavy tax on salt has raged, carrying off hundreds, if not thousands, of young peasants annually, nearly a hundred millions of francs have been spent on the monument ostensibly intended to commemorate Victor Emmanuel II., but in reality to emphasise the downfall of the temporal power of the Pope and the so-called conquest of Rome. Besides this immense sum, almost as large an amount has been spent collectively in other Italian cities on hideous statues to Garibaldi, Victor Emmanuel, Cavour, and Mazzini, and a by no means trifling amount has been devoted to changing the names of historical streets to those of the triune deity of modern Italy, Victor Emmanuel, Garibaldi, and Mazzini. The worst of it is, nearly all these statues are absolutely frightful and disfigure the historical sites generally selected for their exhibition. Wherever it has been possible to erect a statue to some leading heretic that statue has been raised. Needless to say, all this has been done with the object of illustrating the supposed fact that the glorious past of Italy is as nothing to the near past that began with the revolution of 1848.

But perhaps the most significant and at the same time the most important of all these monuments is that which was raised to the memory of the pantheist, Giordano Bruno, some years ago in the Piazza dei Fiori at Rome. The statue is a fine one, perhaps the best of the modern monuments of its sort to be found anywhere in Italy, but its influence is sinister. It is hardly worth while saying that scarcely one man in a hundred in Italy knows anything about Giordano Bruno, and that he is simply a figurehead for anti-clerical propaganda. The writer was in Rome when this monument was inaugurated, and will never forget the orgy to which it gave rise. The students were there in full force, the Freemasons with all their banners and implements, and every anti-clerical and anti-religious society was represented, among them being the Abbasso Dio!, La Società Anticristiana, Società Anti-teistica, and the Società nè Dio nè Padrone. Carducci's unfortunate "Ode to Satan" was sung in chorus and—a significant fact—during the ceremony the churches in Rome were guarded by companies of carabiniers. That eminent statesman, the Marchese Visconti-Venosta, is said to have remarked to Crispi on this occasion, "This day begins the decline of Italy, for from this monument will spring nothing but disorder". The prediction has been amply fulfilled, for this statue of Giordano Bruno has been the rallying-point of all the anti-clerical and anarchist processions and demonstrations which have on occasion rendered the streets of Rome a disgrace to modern Europe, and a menace both to the national religion and to the Constitution. As a result of the disorders which have had for their centre this particular monument may be cited the monstrous demonstrations which take place in the various public schools and universities throughout Italy. The students seem to think they have the right to interfere in the politics of their country, and quite recently they have demonstrated against Austria, going to the length of burning the Austrian flag and hooting the Ambassador. We may grant that the incident at Vienna which has given rise to this emotion and commotion is a bad one, but at the same time it is a dreadful thing that the safety of the country is to be jeopardised by a party of youths who think that because they no longer believe in God they have the right to do as they please, and who, instead of attending to their studies, are often incited by their tutors to make themselves a nuisance as well as a danger to the public. Discipline in the various Italian universities since their de-Christianisation is in a hopeless state, so hopeless indeed that many parents refuse to send their children to these institutions, where the quality of the education has declined very considerably of late years, and where the moral tone is exceedingly bad.

It is to be regretted that Italy should have France by way of a neighbour, for she has, unfortunately, imitated everything that is bad and very little that is good in that country. She has imitated her decadentism in the upper and intellectual classes, and she has not forgotten to copy the apache and the degrading exhibition of the Boulevard cinematographs and café-chantants. The close observer who has known Italy for many years must be pained to note how much that was beautiful, enthusiastic, and charming in the Italian people of fifty years ago has been ruined by the fatal and rowdy atheism that has emanated from the French capital. Italy has proved thereby that she cannot stand alone, and stand by her own traditions, but must needs copy the worst features of another country. The "Corriere della Sera", very recently commenting upon the abominable literature, and above all the disgraceful caricatures, which are exhibited in the newspaper shop-windows from one end of Italy to the other, remarked, and very truly, that Italy, instead of being that grand and proud figure her friends had hoped to see her, is now but a sort of Agrippina bent upon debauching her own offspring.

SOME READERS.

THERE are of course many attitudes towards a book. There is the suspicious attitude of the proverbial reviewer, the anxious attitude of the young, the conservative attitude of the old, the rebellious attitude of the athlete, and so on. It is interesting to watch these readers with a book. The reviewer opens it in the middle, or is supposed to do so, and looks carefully down a page or two. Then he turns suspiciously to the first sentence and the last. If nothing comes of this he reads a chapter until he runs down something that will give him the key to the book—a split infinitive, a grammatical mistake, an error in taste, or an impossible emotion. Then his work is done. For him it is not a book so much as another book, and it is one of the laws of reviewing, as well as of society, that any fresh arrival should be looked upon with suspicion. But in the same way that a split infinitive will give him the key to the weakness of the book, so a happy saying or a significant first sentence will suggest many other merits; and the chances are that after he has written his review he will read the book in, say, the 8.15 from London Bridge.

The young are anxious when they open a book, because they do not know what illusion is about to be attacked or what adventure the first chapter may hold for them. Their attitude has something of the attitude of the reviewer. They are suspicious, and they resent any departure from their own theory. Still more do they resent any interference with their ideals, and they hurry on to the end of the book so that they may make sure, before they go to bed, that virtue has succeeded. That, at least, is one attitude, but there is also, it seems, another. Many readers under twenty-five have almost a passion for the unhappy ending, and for them a book is not artistic that does not give free play to their sense of irony. They like the villain to have a good innings, and they like to see him score. The hero they put down as a dull fellow and a prig, and they are not sorry when he goes abroad in the last chapter and leaves the heroine alone, or, what is better, in the village pond. This reader is fastidious about style. He likes his tragedies well put, and he does not care how gloomy the end be so long as the English is good. For him a suicide is artistic, but a split infinitive is a sin. He does not care what the heroine is like whilst she is wrapped up in excellent prose. The villain may be a danger to society, but he makes delightful epigrams. And so on.

The attitude of the old is very different. No longer can the unhappy ending be afforded. A book is a serious business now, and it must be taken seriously. The young can take risks and read books that may give them ideas they had not dreamt of; but the old can only be at ease with the ideas of forty years ago, and with books that protect them against the arrogance of progress. Old men are always suspicious of new books. They suspect an attack on their experience and their philosophy, and they would read a book which takes them back gently to familiar places and old intellectual haunts of theirs. True, they can read Mr. William de Morgan, but he is writing now what he might have written forty years ago, and they recognise in him a friend of their youth. So it is that there is more need to select books carefully for the old than for the young. Illusions can recover themselves at twenty, but no one can afford to take the risk of reading irony and wretchedness at seventy. There is little responsibility in giving a book to a child; there is an awful responsibility in giving a book to an elderly man.

The attitude of the athlete is rebellious, because he likes to think there is no need for books, or at any rate for books that do not deal with games. For him a book is a competitor with the open air, and he does not care to be drawn into the competition. He is shy of books that suggest the study; he is at ease with books that suggest an August sun and a sweep of turf. He likes the cheerful acceptance of life as he sees it in a cricket match; he rebels against the criticism of it as in a metaphysical novel. He has little of what is called

taste. He likes style in cricket, but he cannot see that there is any need for it in a book. He reads books that his younger brother, who is no good at games, would not look at for a minute; and when the rain has stopped he is glad of an excuse to put the book down and to go out and knock a golf ball about the meadow.

VARSITY HUMOUR.

AE LIUS LAMA was, according to Suetonius, put to death by Domitian for stale jesting, *ob veteres iocos*. The same fate with additional penalties for distortion of good and stale things might well attend a large section of the increasing class who write gossip for the press, if we did not live in an age which tolerates almost anything in print. Probably the multiplication of newspapers has reduced the general standard of memory, and old stories are perpetually new to the dissipated reader of futile journalism. Writers and readers of this sort lack any idea of accuracy or wit.

That is not odd. What is odd is that in the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge the same stories are current year after year. They vary only in the diversities to be expected from the casual undergraduate, the heroes and victims of which they are told. Here in these backwaters of comparative leisure there would be time, one thinks, to invent a perpetual series of new jests which would cast out the cauld kail, the ancient *réchauffé*. "Occidit miseros crambe repetita magistris." The M.A. has generally got beyond these forms of humour. He smiles if kind or, if severe, snubs the young men who produce these venerable sources of enjoyment.

The fact is that the academic system provides yearly a new lot of undergraduates eager to do and say all that is typical of University life. They keep alive these jests about the natural enmity between the governors and the governed, especially about the proctors, and the queer ways of shy and absent-minded dons. "Gaze at his boots," says one of these gay young dogs, "and he will be so confused that he will not 'gate' you for cutting chapel." So the stories of such encounters run "lively o'er the lips of men", and in spite of the tardy interposition of the London and North-Western Railway there is sufficient communication between the City of Prophets and Lost Causes and the fen town with the mathematicians and a one-sided railway station to make a common stock.

Anything funny in London is said (or, rather, said to be said) by Sir W. S. Gilbert, a past editor of "Punch", or the person who has at the moment a great reputation for wit. In Oxford good things are credited to Jowett, in Cambridge to Thompson. Other lesser names will occur to the expert in this connexion, principally, perhaps, Calverley, who was an ornament of both Universities. Thompson, who was a Professor of Greek and master of sarcasm, left little but his jests behind him; he never fathered a myth, like Jowett, probably because he was not in touch with London, as Jowett was, and did not send young men to the service of the world with a grateful memory of his advice. But Thompson alone keeps up the general reputation of his University, which does not talk anything like so well as its rival. To amplify the celebrated remark of Baedeker, "The two Universities should be visited; Oxford should be heard, and Cambridge, if there is time". Our notes credit the papers, some at least with a literary trend, with the remark, "None of us are infallible, not even the youngest, as Jowett said". There is no doubt that this is Thompson's, for it was heard at a college meeting by living witnesses. This celebrated piece of acerbity is, however, above the ordinary standard of the kind of jest we are referring to. The following is a typical specimen. Don: "I never stand at my window but I see you passing". Undergraduate: "Indeed, sir, I never pass but I see you standing at the window". Then the interview with the proctor, who is always easily outwitted, is, as told by the undergraduates, a constant delight. F. Anstey has given a good specimen of such interviews in "Vice

Versa", where the mildly dissipated Mr. Tinkler boasts to the small boys under his charge. The absence of printed authority as to the originator of these old jests is perhaps not to be regretted. Gibbon remarks that "the cheerful flow of unguarded conversation may employ the leisure of a liberal mind", and the unguardedness of intercourse at a time when life for the fortunate few is at its brightest should not be hampered by thoughts of subsequent publication in any form. "Yesterday's unfinished champagne is but a feeble representation of the staleness of the written records of transient hilarity", remarked the most brilliant of after-dinner speakers of his day. The printed jest is like a butterfly with a pin stuck through it, a dead semblance unnaturally preserved.

These jests are, roughly, those of the last forty years. An earlier period attains to the dignity of history, and, even on its lighter side, needs notes for a younger generation, dwells on things now regarded as sordid and obsolete. Dons in those days did but little work as a rule, often were neither examiners nor examinees. They cultivated strange gaieties and oddities, which may be seen in the reminiscences of the Cambridge Gunning, or those recently revised by the classic hand of the son of a famous Oxford doctor, Tuckwell. Oxford has had the prophets and the "movements", and Mr. Tuckwell, in his "Reminiscences of Oxford", revised in 1907, worthy of special mention in any notice of academic humour, offers an ample store of wit and wisdom. The only objection to his narrative is the sense it conveys that he must say a good thing about everybody (and a good thing has a way of being an unfair thing), or must dwell on some personal peculiarity which sometimes obscures the real man. The keen search after picturesque details does not lead to veracity: it is modern and cheap in political life: it recalls the futility of the "brilliant writer" who used to say in the popular press at least three times a week that "Mr. Chamberlain was white with rage". Politics, which perpetually imputes motives on the slenderest evidence, may be written this way, but not history. Mr. Tuckwell has certainly a good deal of genuine and interesting history in his accounts of the beginnings of science and music at Oxford, apart from the great figures of the Oxford Movement. He supplies, too, a passage which has an obvious application to-day. "Nowadays at Oxford, as elsewhere, men seem to me to be turned out by machinery; they think the same thoughts, wear the same dress, talk the same shop in Parliament, Bar, or mess, or common room. Even in the 'forties characters were becoming rare, as the Senior Fellows of Corpus and of Merton. Frowd and Mo. Griffith—two oddities of whom I shall have something to say later on—were one day walking together round Christ Church meadow. Little Frowd was overheard lamenting that the strange originals of their younger days seemed to have vanished from the skirts of Oxford knowledge; but was consoled by Griffith: 'Does it not occur to you, Dr. Frowd, that you and I are the "characters" of to-day?'"

Most oddities, we imagine, are oddities sans le savoir, and that is why they remain so. There are, in fact, still "characters" walking the streets who lack their "sacer vates", and there is still abundance of wit and humour about. Have not the Universities produced the best tributes to the comic muse for many a day? The just-republished "Echoes from the Oxford Magazine" contain some of the best parodies that we know. That the marriage of resident dons has largely spoilt the talk of high tables and the consumption of wine thereat is a commonplace. But the absence of the bouts of heavy drinking which a secluded life of comparative leisure allowed is not to be regretted. If there is more uniformity of type there is more learning, more of strenuous work, which is not so readily recognised or rewarded as in earlier days. Those who "settle Hoti's business" are not now made into bishops. Life is generally much busier, even at the Universities, than it used to be. There are sports of modern invention to be played, lectures to be attended, which in earlier days did not exist or were disregarded by the best

reading men. Conington, who was, from the gay point of view, a laborious smug, notes that he never went to any lectures at all. When people were examined they were not strictly supervised, a fact to which we owe the question put by an elementary candidate to a brilliant and adjacent scholar: "Would you oblige the father of a family by telling him whether 'aliquando' is a preposition or the name of a heathen God?" We are bound to believe this, for it is reported by Denison of Oriel, an Archdeacon.

There is another difference to be observed between the older academic life and the new. Latin and Greek then reigned supreme, Science was in its swaddling-clothes, not yet a daughter of the horseleech. The study of history and economics, which now absorbs many of the best men, had hardly begun. So ingenious versions or perversions of Horace or Virgil were enough to make a reputation for wit. The suggestion that the present generation is less witty in this way is frequently made, but we doubt its justice. The young scholar reading the feats of some walking library of classical jests may say, as Jaques did, "I think of as many matters as he; but I give Heaven thanks, and make no boast of them". To boast, in fact, would be idle. A jest needs a listener; and there is no one to listen to Latin nowadays. Did not a Labour member object when Mr. Balfour last used it in the House of Commons? Modern scholarship has made remarkable strides since the days of Mark Pattison and Munro; but there is nothing like so much fuss made about it, since the public and their favourite critics are alike unable to appreciate it; we give one instance only. We have had under our eye some forty translations of Virgil: the very worst of these—an ancient prose version with modern faults added—was recently commended by a journalist of repute to the young man who wants the best books. "Non monitoribus istis", the scholar will say, and separate himself from the profane mob. He were better employed in using his advantages to persuade that mob (with humour and gentleness) that some of its swans are pretty poor geese.

A TOUCHING DOCUMENT.

BY MAX BEERBOHM.

I WILL not forget to take away with me, for Easter, the Report of the Shakespeare Memorial Executive Committee. It has been in my possession for the past fortnight or so. But I am not tired of it yet.

Strong in every man, as in every child, is the instinct for fantastic building. The child builds with sand, or with wooden bricks, peopling the rude and fugitive edifices with the creatures of his imagination, and furnishing them throughout with such luxuries as are dear to a child's heart. If, when he grows up, he become a philosopher, or remain a poet, his manner of building will be but little changed. From the dull chaos of things as they are he will be seeking sanctuary in some little private and personal Utopia, where every law is exquisitely just and unquestioningly obeyed; or you will find him lolling at ruined casements of his own design, his eye roving over some kind or another of faery seas forlorn. If he happen to be just the average practical citizen, he will charm his leisure by constructing in minute and business-like detail some ideal organisation that might possibly, some fine day, be established on the plane of actuality. Being (as neither the philosopher nor the poet is) gregarious, he will prefer not to work alone. He will be happiest on a Committee. To move a resolution, to beg to second an amendment, to rise to a point of order, to say "ipso facto" and "ex officio" and "ad hoc", to cry "Hear, hear" or "Oh, oh", to move that a sub-committee be appointed to consider such and such a matter, to serve on that sub-committee, to call an extraordinary general meeting—all these are functions very dear to the heart of the average man. Why they should be so, I cannot conceive: I merely state the fact. When this dear flummery is combined with the revolving of his pet ideal, then the average man feels that his cup of joy is brimming over.

I should not like to be a constant attendant at the meetings of the Shakespeare Memorial Executive Committee. That way, for me, madness would lie. But this Report, the garnered fruit of those deliberations, does make glad my heart. In every line I can see what joy has gone to the making of it. True, among the signatories there is a sprinkling of literary artists and of actors; and they, I conceive, have not been partakers of the general rapture. But most of the signatories are just average practical citizens with a soft corner in the heart for the notion of a National Theatre, and with a passion for serving on Committees. And they have been having the time of their life. Oh wooden bricks! Oh sand! Oh permanence of the imaginative faculty! Oh fuss! Oh pomp! No detail of organisation has not been considered, no possibility has not been foreseen and weighed. Nothing could be more thorough if everything were not in the air and likely to remain there. One cannot be too careful. Does it ever occur to you, reader, when you are weaving a castle in the air, that some unscrupulous person or persons might come and oust you from the woven premises? Be warned in time. Aerially safe-guard yourself, before it is too late. The dear gentlemen of the Executive Committee are "of opinion that in order to provide for the legal ownership of the Theatre and of the Endowment Fund, steps should be taken for the incorporation of the Governing Body, either by Royal Charter (should His Majesty in Council be pleased to approve of the grant of such a Charter), or by License of the Board of Trade under Sec. 23 of the Companies Act, 1867 (30 and 31 Vic. c. 131)." Can you not hear the dear gentlemen rolling that phrase "His Majesty in Council" over their tongues, slowly? And then the sweet alternative, "License of the Board of Trade under Sec. 23" . . . You can see in the eyes of those dear gentlemen a rapt, veiled look, as at the sound of viols and dulcimers . . . "Companies Act, 1867" . . . "If music be the food of love, play on", they murmur; "give us excess of it that, surfeiting, the appetite may sicken, and so die" . . . "30 and 31 Vic. c. 131." And the music grows more and more voluptuous. There are to be "Five Governors appointed by the Crown" and six by the elder Universities, and one by the Royal Academy, and another by the British Academy. These are to serve for five years. But certain other Governors, such as they who are to be nominated by the London County Council, and by the Corporation of London, and by the Municipalities of Manchester, Birmingham, Liverpool, Leeds, Bristol, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Dublin, are to serve not a moment longer than three years. I know not why this distinction has been made, but I can well imagine the joyousness of the long and subtle debate that preceded it. India, it seems, is not to be allowed to nominate a Governor. Only the self-governing Colonies are to have a look-in. The President of the Board of Education is to be an ex-officio Governor. So is the Ambassador of the United States. So are various other seemingly irrelevant worthies. The Commander-in-Chief, the Chairman of the Thames Conservancy Board, the Astronomer Royal, and the Senior Magistrate at Bow Street Police Court, have, for some reason, not been included in the list. Let them not feel hurt. Let them not feel that the Committee did not think them likely to be just as useful as the others to the cause of dramatic art. I take it that the reason for their exclusion was simply in the Committee's fear that an unlimited indulgence in the ecstasies of imagination would bring satiety in its wake. And, after all, there is still a chance that the list of Governors will be extended. The Committee does not definitely commit itself on all points of policy. They consider, for example, "that should any Governor, appointed for a stated term, die or resign during his term of office, or should any of the above-mentioned bodies waive its right of nomination, or should any ex-officio Governor decline to serve, the vacancy so created might be filled by co-option." "Might", you observe, not "shall". Evidently there was a strong anti-co-option clique in the Committee, and a compromise was the only way out. Oh sand and wooden bricks! Oh energy and subtlety and pomposity and triviality! The Report goes on, from clause to

clause, in an ascending scale of unconscious humour; and the names of the signatories—with the Lord Mayor first, then some peers, and then the commoners in alphabetical order—is not an anti-climax.

Let us strain our imaginations a little. Let us suppose that all this solemn enjoyment is destined to be remembered not as an end in itself, but as a prelude to the actual establishment of a National Theatre. Let us suppose that the necessary £500,000 forthcomes. What sort of a theatre would be the result? All institutions, howsoever cheerful the auspices under which they are started, tend to become, in course of years, stodgy. This National Theatre would be stodgy at the outset—so stodgy that I don't suppose it would tend to become, in course of years, stodgier. What of vitality, what of any real interest, could be vouchsafed us in a theatre governed by a standing committee appointed by these Governors from amongst their own ranks? Imagine the dulness, the deadness that would result from the various highly-respectable compromises between the minds of these various highly-respectable Governors. The Governors, I have no doubt, would enjoy their dabblings, just as this Committee has enjoyed its. But £500,000 is a tall price to pay for their fun. The fun would not filter through to the community. In one way and another, we get all the performances of Shakespeare that we need; and, as for "revivals of whatever else is vital in English classical drama", what else really is vital? "The School for Scandal" and "She Stoops to Conquer" live by reason of the public's desire to see this and that mime in this and that celebrated part. But who, really and truly, in his heart of hearts, wants to see a performance of a play by Ben Jonson or any other Elizabethan or Jacobean, or by Congreve or any other Restorationist? These plays are interesting curiosities, and many of them may be read with enjoyment. But, as plays, they are dead utterly; and a theatrical production of any of them is a mere rattling of dry bones. Again, what "recent plays of great merit" have been "falling into oblivion"? And when, as so very often happens, we see a revival of a play which we admired (say) five years ago, are we not invariably appalled by the shabbiness that has come over it, and puzzled to account for our old admiration? "To produce new plays and to further the development of the modern drama"—ah! there is a thing worth doing; a thing that ought undoubtedly to be done. But I am not—and I hope no one is—quite such a fool as to suppose that new young dramatists, with new young ideas and methods in their heads, are going to get any help from an institution governed by a great number of highly-respectable gentlemen desperately afraid of making a mistake and so lowering the prestige of their precious institution. What is needed, of course, "to further the development of the modern drama" is a quite small theatre, decently endowed, with one enlightened despot to govern it. The Court Theatre, for example; and, for example, Mr. Granville Barker. Of course, he could not do all the work single-handed. He would have to have a committee working under him. But the less eminent were that committee, the better it would be for that theatre. After a long and tedious debate in my own breast, I recommend that the committee be composed of six policemen, selected in annual rotation from six of the divisions of the Metropolitan Police Force, each selection being made by the Divisional Inspector in co-operation with two Sergeants, such Sergeants to have held their rank for a period of not less than three years, and such selections being subject to the veto of the Chief Commissioner, if such veto be upheld by the Home Secretary; and furthermore . . . but no! I take an exquisite pleasure in reading that sort of thing, but I won't waste time in writing it. I will leave my idea undeveloped—just a bright and promising idea, that may take root in the mind of some bright and promising rich man. I don't advise anyone, however rich, to subscribe so much as a shilling to the National Shakespeare Theatre. All the shillings that can be spared should go in the direction of a small theatre without any flummery about it, and with some such person as Mr. Granville Barker at the head of it. That theatre

would be of real use. The most that can be said of the National affair is that it would do no harm.

I don't want to be unkind to the committee of the National affair. I shall be very glad, for their sakes, if their scheme is realised after mine has been realised. But I object to their useless scheme as an obstacle to my useful one. I ask them to be so good as to drop it for the present. After all, they have drawn up, with infinite labour and delight, their monumentally ridiculous Report. What more do they want?

THE CHARM OF DEVONSHIRE.*

BY S. BARING-GOULD.

S AID a farmer to his rector as they came out of church, "Going to your Sunday dinner, Parson?" "Yes, I am." "Roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, I suppose?" "Well, as it happens, it will be so." "And you would like roast beef and Yorkshire pudding on Monday; roast beef and Yorkshire pudding on Tuesday; same on Wednesday; same on Thursday; roast beef and Yorkshire pudding on Friday, and again on Saturday?" "Why", said the rector, "I think a little variety would be better." "Then", quoth the farmer, "why don't you ask some strangers to occasionally preach to us?" Variety is certainly more pleasing than excellence. One may become satiated with seeing only Turners and hearing only Wagner.

It is precisely because in Devon there is so great a variety in the scenery that the county presents such a charm to visitors, and never palls on the native. This is largely due to its geological structure. It possesses no mountain, only hills, but the elevations are of granite, slate, red sandstone, limestone, rock, and chalk, and each formation has its special characteristic. There are the bare granitic moors crowned by tors, the lofty mass of Exmoor through which the granite has been unable to force its way, the red cliffs of Shaldon and Teignmouth and Dawlish, the limestone of Torquay and Plymouth, and the chalk masses of the eastern coast at Beer and Seaton. It is possible almost at a stride to pass from the most luxuriant vegetation of the hams and lowlands to the furzy, heathery wastes of moor. On the north coast the bold, slaty cliffs are beaten by the never-restful Atlantic; on the south coast the sea is blue and still as the Mediterranean. Nay, even on the north, at Hartland, on one side is a boiling sea lashing itself to foam; on the other it is still, and reflects the red rocks as in a pool.

And the varieties, the contrasts in colour, are equally striking. The new red sandstone with its intense reddishness throws up the vivid green of the turf, and above dark pine woods shoot the moors, sheets of gold with the flowering gorse or pink with heather as though spilt over with raspberry cream. The drifting clouds on a summer day dapple the stretches of moor with turquoise blue against the primrose of sunshine through a vaporous atmosphere. Even in late autumn and winter the colour effects on Exmoor and Dartmoor are marvellous; the withered bracken and the dry heather form sweeps of the richest, warmest burnt sienna that contrasts splendidly with the indigo blue of the cloud shadows.

Owing to there being no plains there are no sluggish, sedgy rivers: they are all in a hurry hastening to the sea; and go where you will you have ever with you a laughing, prattling companion, a brook or a river, that is flashing in its leaps downwards and always babbling merrily to you.

King Athelstan drove the Britons across the Tamar and made that the boundary between them and the Saxons; but they sneaked back when he retired, or else he did the work ineffectually, for much Celtic blood remains, at least on the west side of Dartmoor, and has entered into the composition of the natives, giving them

* "Devon: Its Moorlands, Streams and Coasts." By Lady Rosalind Northcote. With Illustrations in Colour by F. J. Widgery. London: Chatto and Windus. 1908. 20s.

characteristics not to be found in Somerset, which is pure West Saxon. It may be in part due to the soft climate, but it is largely due also to the immixture of Keltic blood, that the Devonshire peasant possesses a grace of manner, an innate courtesy, a playful fancy, and a humour that is not to be found to anything like the same extent where the race is purely Saxon. His manner—except to a "bounder"—is invariably gracious; but he must be treated with similar courtesy. A bicyclist spinning along the road near Moreton Hampstead saw a farmer leaning on a gate. "I say, Johnny," shouted he, "where's a decent place where I can put up?" "You're fourteen miles from the prison at Princetown, fourteen from Newton Workhouse, and fourteen from Wonfort Lunatic Asylum, and you'll find yourself well suited in any one of them."

I was walking round Dartmoor with a friend from the North, when, after passing a waggoner with whom I had spoken a few words, my friend said, "Do you know that man? No? You Devonians are the queerest of folk—you talk to everyone you meet, as if old acquaintances."

That is the way with the people. They expect it, and, what is more, never presume. It has been thought that the universal gentleness and grace of manner may show a general softness. But this is not so. The hardest material takes the highest polish; and Devon has turned out, and is ever turning out, admirable sailors and soldiers and pioneers in the world.

The visitor to Devon must not expect too much in the way of scenery, architecture and antiquities. There is nothing Alpine in the scenery. There are no bold scars as in the western hills of Yorkshire; there is not a single lake; but, as already said, there is variety. A young lady sitting at table beside Henry, Bishop of Exeter, asked him "My lord, don't you think Devonshire very like Switzerland?" "Very", replied the Bishop, "only that in Devon there are no mountains, and in Switzerland there is no sea."

In architecture Devon cannot compare with some other counties. This is due mainly to the intractable nature of the granite and the friability of the red sandstone. Where Beerstone is employed, as in Exeter Cathedral, the colour is disagreeable; originally white, it soon smears black, and is like a dirty-faced child that does not blow its nose. The parish churches were nearly all rebuilt in Perpendicular times, and the Perpendicular was not of the best, such as is seen in Sherborne Minster and the churches of Bury S. Edmunds. But if the architects were unable to do much on account of the unsuitable character of the stone, they made up for it in their woodwork, and no county is so rich in beautiful and even gorgeous rood-screens. In domestic architecture it has been the same. The county possesses some notable ancient houses, but they are few and small compared with those of brick and plaster and timber in the east of England or of stone on the Cotswolds and throughout Somersetshire. And for antiquities no counties are richer in those that are prehistoric, but again these are small, and there is in the county but a single dolmen of any size—that of Drewsteignton.

As to Lady Rosalind Northcote's sumptuous book on the county, it is hard for anyone to write what is fresh on the subject, but she has succeeded in making a very interesting book, and the illustrations by Mr. Widgery are admirable.

THE IDLE CITY.

By LORD DUNSANY.

THREE was once a city which was an idle city, wherein men told vain tales.

And it was that city's custom to tax all men that would enter in with the toll of some idle story in the gate.

So all men paid to the watchers in the gate the toll of an idle story, and passed into the city unhindered and unhurt. And in a certain hour of the night when the King of that city arose and went pacing swiftly up and down the chamber of his sleeping and called upon the name of the dead queen, then would the watchers fasten

up the gate and go into that chamber to the King and, sitting on the floor, would tell him all the tales that they had gathered. And listening to them, some calmer mood would come upon the King, and listening still he would lie down again and at last fall asleep, and all the watchers silently would arise and steal away from the chamber.

A while ago wandering, I came to the gate of that city. And even as I came a man stood up to pay his toll to the watchers. They were seated cross-legged on the ground between him and the gate, and each one held a spear. Near him two other travellers sat on the warm sand waiting. And the man said:

"Now the city of Nombros forsook the worship of the gods and turned towards God. So the gods threw their cloaks over their faces and strode away from the city, and going into the haze among the hills passed through the trunks of the olive groves into the sunset. But when they had already left the earth they turned and looked through the gleaming folds of the twilight for the last time at their city; and they looked half in anger and half in regret, then turned, and went away for ever. But they sent back a Death, who bore a scythe, saying to it: 'Slay half in the city that forsook us, but half of them spare alive that they may yet remember their old forsaken gods'.

"But God sent a destroying Angel to show that He was God, saying unto him: 'Go down and show the strength of Mine arm unto that city and slay half of the dwellers therein, yet spare a half of them that they may know that I am God'.

"And at once the destroying Angel put his hand to his sword, and the sword came out of the scabbard with a deep breath, like to the breath that a broad woodman takes before his first blow at some giant oak. Thereat the Angel pointed his arms downwards, and, bending his head between them, fell forward from Heaven's edge; and the spring of his ankles shot him downwards with his wings furled behind him. So he went slanting earthward through the evening with his sword stretched out before him, and he was like a javelin that some hunter hath hurled that returneth again to the earth: but just before he touched it he lifted his head and spread his wings with the under feathers forward and alighted by the bank of the broad Flavro that divides the city of Nombros. And down the bank of the Flavro he fluttered low, like to a hawk over a new-cut cornfield when the little creatures of the corn are shelterless, and at the same time down the other bank the Death from the gods went mowing.

"At once they saw each other, and the Angel glared at the Death and the Death leered back at him, and the flames in the eyes of the Angel illumined with a red glare the mist that lay in the hollows of the sockets of the Death. Suddenly they fell on one another, sword to scythe. And the Angel captured the temples of the gods and set up over them the sign of God, and the Death captured the temples of God and led into them the ceremonies and sacrifices of the gods; and all the while the centuries slipped quietly by, going down the Flavro seawards.

"And now some worship God in the temple of the gods, and others worship the gods in the temple of God, and still the Angel hath not returned again to the rejoicing choirs, and still the Death hath not gone back to die with the dead gods; but all through Nombros they fight up and down, and still on each side of the Flavro the city lives."

And the watchers in the gate said "Enter in".

Then another traveller rose up, and said:

"Solemnly between Huhenwazi and Niterana the huge grey clouds came floating. And those great mountains, heavenly Huhenwazi and Niterana the king of peaks, greeted them, calling them brothers. And the clouds were glad of their greeting, for they meet with companions seldom in the lonely heights of the sky.

"But the vapours of evening said unto the earth-mist, 'What are those shapes that dare to move above us and to go where Niterana is and Huhenwazi?'

"And the earth-mist said in answer unto the vapours of evening, 'It is only an earth-mist that has become mad and has left the warm and comfortable earth and

has in his madness thought that his place is with Huhenwazi and Nitcrana'.

"Once", said the vapours of evening, "there were clouds, but this was many and many a day ago, as our forefathers have said. Perhaps the mad one thinks he is the clouds."

"Then spake the earth-worms from the warm deeps of the mud, saying 'O, earth-mist, thou art indeed the clouds, and there are no clouds but thou. And as for Huhenwazi and Nitcrana, I cannot see them and therefore they are not high, and there are no mountains in the world but those that I cast up every morning out of the deeps of the mud'."

"And the earth-mist and the vapours of the evening were glad at the voice of the earth-worms, and looking earthward believed what they had said.

"And indeed it is better to be as the earth-mist and to keep close to the warm mud at night and to hear the earth-worm's comfortable speech, and not to be a wanderer in the cheerless heights, but to leave the mountains alone, with their desolate snow, to draw what comfort they can from their vast aspect over all the cities of men and from the whispers that they hear at evening of unknown distant gods."

And the watchers in the gate said "Enter in".

Then a man stood up who came out of the West, and told a Western tale. He said :

"There is a road in Rome that runs through an ancient temple that once the gods had loved : it runs along the top of a great wall, and the floor of the temple lies far down beneath it, of marble, pink and white.

"Upon the temple floor I counted to the number of thirteen hungry cats.

"Sometimes", they said among themselves, "it was the gods that lived here, sometimes it was men, and now it's cats. So let us enjoy the sun on the hot marble before another people comes."

"For it was at that hour of a warm afternoon when my fancy is able to hear the silent voices.

"And the fearful leanness of all those thirteen cats moved me to go into a neighbouring fish-shop and there to buy a quantity of fishes. Then I returned and threw them all over the railing at the top of the great wall, and they fell for thirty feet and hit the sacred marble with a smack.

"Now in any other town but Rome, or in the minds of any other cats, the sight of fishes falling out of heaven had surely excited wonder. They rose slowly and all stretched themselves, then they came leisurely towards the fishes. 'It is only a miracle', they said in their hearts."

And the watchers in the gate said "Enter in".

Proudly and slowly, as they spoke, drew up to them a camel whose rider sought for entrance to the city. His face shone with the sunset by which for long he had steered for the city's gate. Of him they demanded toll. Whereat he spoke to his camel and the camel roared and kneeled, and the man descended from him; and the man unwrapped from many silks a box of divers metals wrought by the Japanese, and on the lid of it were figures of men who gazed from some shore at an isle of the Inland Sea. This he showed to the watchers, and when they had seen it said, "It has seemed to me that these speak to each other thus :

"Behold now Oojni, the dear one of the sea, the little mother sea that hath no storms. She goeth out from Oojni singing a song, and she returneth singing over her sands. Little is Oojni in the lap of the sea and scarce to be perceived by wondering ships. White sails have never wasted her legends afar, they are told not by bearded wanderers of the sea. Her fireside tales are known not to the North, the dragons of China have not heard of them, nor those that ride on elephants through Ind.

"Men tell the tales and the smoke ariseth upward; the smoke departeth and the tales are told.

"Oojni is not a name among the nations, she is not known of where the merchants meet, she is not spoken of by alien lips.

"Indeed but Oojni is little among the isles, yet is she loved by those that know her coasts and her inland places hidden from the sea.

"Without glory, without fame and without wealth, Oojni is greatly loved by a little people and by few; yet not by few, for all her dead still love her, and oft by night come whispering through her woods. Who could forget Oojni even among the dead?

"For here in Oojni, wot you, are homes of men, and gardens and golden temples of the gods, and sacred places inshore from the sea, and many murmurous woods. And there is a path that winds over the hills to go into mysterious holy lands where dance by night the spirits of the wood or sing unseen in the sunlight; and no one goes into these holy lands, for who that love Oojni would rob her of her mysteries? and the curious aliens come not. Indeed but we love Oojni though she is so little; she is the little mother of our race and the kindly nurse of all seafaring birds. And behold, even now caressing her, the gentle fingers of the mother sea, whose dreams are afar with that old wanderer Ocean.

"And yet let us forget not Fuzi-Yama, for he stands manifest over clouds and sea, misty below and vague and indistinct, but clear above for all the isles to watch. The ships make all their journeys in his sight, the nights and the days go by him like a wind, the summers and winters under him flicker and fade, the lives of men pass quietly here and hence, and Fuzi-Yama watches there—and knows."

And the watchers in the gate said "Enter in".

And I, too, would have told them a tale, very wonderful and very true. One that I had told in many cities, which as yet had no believers. But now the sun had set and the brief twilight gone, and ghostly silences were rising from far and darkening hills. A stillness hung over that city's gate. And the great silence of the solemn night was more acceptable to the watchers in the gate than any sound of man. Therefore they beckoned to us and motioned with their hands that we should pass untaxed into the city. And softly we went up over the sand and between the high rock pillars of the gate, and a deep stillness settled among the watchers, and the stars over them twinkled undisturbed.

For how short a while man speaks, and withal how vainly. And for how long he is silent. Only the other day I met a king in Thebes who had been silent already for four thousand years.

PRAYER FOR THE DEAD.

BY A PLAIN MAN.

I DO not think I can be exceptional in thinking more at Easter than at any other time of the dead, my dead. If Easter means anything at all to a man—and they are many fewer than would appear to whom it does not mean something; for as Conqueror of death Christ is not ignored, though He may be denied—he will find himself dwelling on those who are gone, turning over in his mind the hope of seeing them again. The great majority of us—in spite of agnostic appearances—have this hope at heart, and the peculiar satisfaction of Easter is that it brings something clear, one certainty at any rate, to this great burden of mystery. (I am aware that the historic evidence of the Resurrection may be questioned, its key-stone position in the Christian society and in Christianity denied. The Resurrection is not a truism, but the Christian has not to take it solely on faith.) After an Easter service one does begin to realise that the dead are alive, one feels that the separation is not final, and great is the comfort of it. And naturally, necessarily, one would pray for those who live elsewhere as much as for those who live here in earth. There is something painful in the absence from an Easter service of any prayer for those, or with those, whom Easter makes us know to be alive.

I am speaking instinctively. I do not profess to know the theology of the matter; but I am very sure that the man or woman who has any Christian belief at all would pray for the dead as a matter of course, if there were no prejudice. But I find most English people saying, "That's what the Roman Catholics do", or "Protestants do not pray for the dead". I do not quarrel

with either proposition, but neither seems to have anything to do with the matter. Surely the question is, Is it good to pray for the dead? If it is, Roman Catholics doing it cannot make it bad, any more than it can make it good if in itself it is bad. I am not a Roman Catholic and I am a real person (as the editor of this REVIEW knows). I approach the matter simply as a man, a soul. No doubt the member of a church which bans praying for the dead cannot settle the question wholly on merits; or he may find himself a heretic before he knows it. But the Church of England, one must say, with characteristic policy, seems to leave it open to her children to pray for their dead or not as they will. I have heard that an article forbidding prayer for the dead was drafted, but was afterwards rejected. It seems that disgust at the commercial and mechanical debasement of the whole system of masses for the dead had nearly swept away the truth, the soul of good, along with the abuse. But I think it may be taken as admitted that no Anglican can be accounted disloyal because he prays for the dead. Still more certainly he could not be accounted disloyal because he did not pray for them. So far is he from being in any way encouraged to do so by anything in the Prayer-book that it might almost be said that implicitly, though not explicitly, the Church of England excludes prayer for the dead. The Burial Service, described by Matthew Arnold in very faint praise as a "Reading from Milton", takes you with the dead to the grave-side: "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust"; there, so far as all touch, all communion with him whose mere mortal body they are burying, it ends. Not a prayer for him. They leave him at the banks of Lethe without even a farewell: "tendebant manus ripæ ulterioris amore", says Vergil. Here there is not even this stretching out of hands. He crosses the bar, and not a prayer goes after him: he sets out for the undiscovered country and they do not even wish him bon voyage. Excluding all prayer for him whose body is buried, the Church of England is obliged to conclude all alike in "the certain hope of joyful resurrection". It is right that the benefit of the doubt should be given to the dead; none the less there is an unreality that sometimes jars in assuming saintship of notorious ill-livers. A single prayer commanding the dead to God would save all this.

Logically, how can we do without prayer for the dead? They live, and nothing that lives can be independent of God; and if not independent of God, they are a reasonable subject of prayer to God. If prayer is necessary at all, if it is of any virtue at all, it must be as necessary for them as for us. What difference can it make whether the soul is living here in the body or elsewhere? To suggest that prayer is of force only on one particular planet is to reduce it to absurdity. There is a theological explanation to this effect: after death the soul is either lost or saved; if lost, prayer is useless; if saved, superfluous. Passing the lot of the lost, it is really blasphemous to say the saved do not need our prayers, for it is saying that they have got beyond God's control. But Heaven hangs on God as much as earth. In a word, do the souls of the blest cease to be in God's keeping? If they do not, it must ever be right to pray God to watch over them and keep them. If this prayer can ever be unnecessary, all prayer is a delusion.

And feeling is at one with reason. It would be impossible for me not to pray for those whom I have loved and lost by death. Is the gap in the visible circle to be doubled by a gap in the circle of prayer? Drop him out of my prayers because he is out of sight? What difference can sight make to prayer? Prayer for the dead is the liveliest of all consolations. It is the one thing that restores some sort of touch. Death changes every other relation. We do not know where are our dear ones, nor how they are, nor even what they are, but, if we believe at all, we know that they are in the keeping of God exactly in the same way as we are. We praying for them are one with them praying for us. This is the communion of saints.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DISLOYAL WALES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Hendre Coed, Llanaber, Barmouth, North Wales,
5 April 1909.

SIR,—Will you allow me to call attention to a possible explanation of the contrast between the results of the elections at Croydon and Denbighshire?

In the former the revelations as to the condition of the Navy were the main cause of the crushing defeat of the Government candidate. In the latter these causes had apparently no effect whatever.

Wales, and especially North Wales, is predominantly Nonconformist, and Welsh Nonconformists care not a straw for the Navy, or anything else that concerns England as a world-Power. Mr. Lloyd George represents them exactly. The active disloyalty of so much of Ireland and the passive disloyalty of so much of Wales to the imperial destinies of England are factors which should be clearly recognised in calculating the ability of England to continue to play a great part in world-politics.

Yours faithfully,
LAURENCE W. HODSON.

A POLEMIC IN PORRIDGE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—May I add a point or two to your article on "A Polemic in Porridge" in this week's issue?

There was once a sort of theoretic fairness in assuming that cheap imports might lower our real cost of production at home in the equivalent products for which we were "naturally suited"; that the "division of labour", thus working internationally, might increase our productive power, by specialising it along our lines of least resistance; but now we find our "specially suited" pursuits increasingly disorganised, and their products increasingly displaced by those of the very countries which we regarded as comparatively unsuited to produce them. International "division of labour" has indeed come, but in the wrong way for us.

The increased attractions for capital abroad, with the growing facilities to organise all the agents of production together, has plainly done more in raising the productive efficiencies of the foreigner than we can possibly gain from the alleged cheapness of our imports. A saving in the lowered price of a product cannot compensate the loss in incapacity to produce it or its equivalent: the loss is the whole, and the gain is its fraction. The gain cannot be denied, but neither can we ignore the loss. As civilisation raises its quality and extends its quantity, the whole world is brought nearer to the British capitalist, whose investments are secure now in many foreign regions where they were not secure fifty years ago; and this rapid widening of the economic boundaries of civilisation generally proceeds faster than the supply of surplus capital from the old and settled centres, always affording a foreign alternative against a domestic failure. The absence of any factor essential to a compound makes that compound impossible, and a problem of unemployment is inevitable where capital turns its back on labour, which is bound to happen in proportion as commodities generally can be bought at less than it costs to produce them. Besides, where such disorganisation in the Agents of Production takes place the productive efficiency of the people is necessarily checked or lowered, which is most distinctly evident in this country at present; whereas, on the other hand, where the Agents of Production are more successfully and more profitably organised, as in the Protective countries to which we export our capital, the people's productive efficiency tends upward, enabling them, in spite of their higher prices, to export to us at less than our own prices for the same commodities, to that extent necessarily disorganising or checking our production and throwing our people out of work, not to mention the certainty of our comparative decay if we assume equilibrium and

no unemployment. That, however, we cannot assume, since a social organism, in its economic interests as in all others, must always be advancing or decaying, and saved from decay solely by advancing.

The main difference is that production in general is more and more stimulated among our Protective competitors, while it is checked with us; and since production means wealth our comparative decay on the present basis is assured. These are facts, not mere arguments. The most highly Protective countries are the most successful in displacing those products of ours in which we regarded ourselves as specially invulnerable; and while Germany and America are steadily increasing their exports to us of the most highly finished products, employing labour and supporting life in the highest degree, we are steadily increasing our exports of raw wool to America, which "Free Trade" theory had regarded as a great permanent source of raw material. The force of facts like these must penetrate even into Scotland, in spite of the mental condition induced by foreign job lots. It is only a matter of putting the simple truth in a sufficiently plain way.

Yours &c.,
TARIFF REFORMER.

THE IRISH MIND IN MODERN PRINT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Dublin, 31 March 1909.

SIR.—The Irish mind is certainly often strange as revealed in modern print, but the strangest revelation of the kind which I have come across so far is the article signed "Pat" in your issue of 27 March. It begins as a literary criticism, passes on to an attack on the Irish Parliamentary party, and ends up with a wild *keening* over the "intellectual and moral ostracism" of Messrs. Yeats, Moore, Synge, and Shaw. I may say at once that I hold no brief for the Irish party, with which I am totally out of sympathy, nor for the aged Mr. McCarthy as a novelist or in any other capacity. I merely wish to comment on the amazing methods of "Pat" when he appears as a literary critic.

Most of "Pat's" criticism of "Julian Revelstone" is taken up with an attempt to show that Mr. McCarthy's vision of things in general is distorted. The main reason for this opinion is apparently that Mr. McCarthy describes some persons in the southeastern part of England throwing clods of turf at each other. "Pat" assumes quite gratuitously that Mr. McCarthy, in spite of long residence in England, has never learnt the ordinary accepted English meaning of the word "turf", but must use it, as the Irish peasant does, to mean "peat". "Pat" scornfully asks if Mr. McCarthy got the peat over from Cork. Can wilful misinterpretation go further?

With regard to the alleged ostracism of Messrs. Yeats, Moore, Synge, and Shaw, I can only say that people here do not seem to have noticed it, nor have we ever been aware of the "organised censorship on faculty", which is such a troublesome bee in "Pat's" bonnet. I have read with delight the beautiful writings of Yeats and of the much-lamented Synge, I have enjoyed the pungent wit of Shaw, I have even waded (though without pleasure) through much of the Zola-cum-Liffey-water mixture provided by Moore, and no one has ever said me nay or bade me cease.

"Pat's" article contains the following remarkable paragraph referring to these four writers: "It is hard to contemplate the end of a people that produces four such contemporaries, representing among them such extreme breadth and variety of appreciation and expression, from Eden all the way to the Moulin Rouge; but see how carefully their influence is excluded from Ireland, where the very mention of their names is treated as a social danger, encouraging it [sic] as a popular assumption that their very existence is a disgrace to the race". I ask for light and guidance. Who or what is encouraging "it"?

Another of "Pat's" sentences is a gem worth preserving: ". . . all rich gifts to the universal from our poor green chamber of death, where Quackery

armed and crowned, already glorying in the profits of the post-mortem, presides over a poisoned paroxysm in the name of a living force." In Ireland, when anyone *nous engueule de la sorte*, we designate his meaningless rhodomontade by the convenient and expressive word "Bullaboo".

Yours &c.,
O. S.

THE KEATS-SHELLEY MEMORIAL HOUSE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

65 Springfield Road, N.W., 2 April 1909.

SIR.—It may interest some of your readers to know that the following comment, which illustrates the lasting influence of Keats in Rome, recently appeared in the "Tribuna". Editorial reference was made to the poet's letter of 16 February 1820, in which he expresses his longing after the English spring flowers, and this was supplemented with:

"We wish that this letter of a great poet of the North, who perished in his youth like Leopardi, with whom he shared in common that wide culture and exquisite perception of the beautiful—we wish, we repeat, that this letter could be committed to memory by those gardeners of the municipality who plant locust trees along the Appian Way and crowd the Roman squares with tufts of spiky and repulsive yuccas, or Australian palm trees, which they surround with green-painted iron fencing, and who keep planting the commonest railway-station class of shrubs in the walks of the ex-Villa Borghese, which were formerly so majestic with their ancient oaks and Italian pine trees". Yours faithfully,

ALGERNON WARREN.

THE MENACE TO BATH.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Holburne Art Museum, Bath, 4 April 1909.

SIR.—Referring to Mr. MacColl's article on the threatened destruction of a portion of eighteenth-century Bath by the erection of modern hotel premises, may I mention that the City Council have already gone a good way towards destroying the beauty of Bath Street by countenancing the most barbarous of modern improvements? The delightful Bath stone columns, besides being painted in imitation of polished Aberdeen granite, rest on bases of purple-brown paint and are surmounted with caps of white-lead Carrara marble. These support an entablature of tastefully panelled and painted wood. The columns have been carefully smoothed with Keene's cement to receive the "granite", which, however, is of such a fleeting nature that it develops white eruptions, and is periodically renewed. Again, the "granite" is evidently of two varieties, as one side of the street differs very considerably from the other.

For years some of the houses have been plastered with huge advertisements, and several of the "marble" volutes are missing. A large projecting sign entirely spoils the symmetry of the street, and two of the corner houses are adorned with imitation windows painted with amazing realism on the stonework.

I hear on good authority that the interior of the proposed new building will fittingly carry on the traditions of the modern school of decoration. For instance, there will be coloured marble columns of cast iron; hanging candelabra of brass passion flowers and copper roses; offices decorated with bright encaustic tiles of glazed paper; cornices composed of papier-mâché vegetables, flowers and foliage; staircases and vestibules of massive marble blocks of varnished paper; figured oak, stop-chamfered doors of yellow pine; wall-papers varying from realistic representations of bouquets to the latest l'art nouveau onion-stalk patterns of the South Kensington schools; while variously stained and varnished deal (that jack-of-all-woods) will be particularly prominent. With such an array of strange and wonderful decorative effects one can understand a modern Town Council enthusiastically declaring that the new buildings will "constitute" a vast improvement to the city of Bath.

Yours faithfully, HUGH BLAKER.

REVIEWS.

PICTORIAL ART IN THE PALÆOLITHIC AGE.

"La Caverne d'Altamira à Santillana près Santander (Espagne)." Par Émile Cartailhac et l'Abbé Henri Breuil. Planches et Figures par l'Abbé H. Breuil. Imprimerie de Monaco.

ON the walls of long gallery-caves in the south of France and north of Spain have been found in recent years engravings and paintings of numerous and varied animals. At first archaeologists did not quite know what to make of these discoveries, and doubt was even thrown upon the genuineness of some of them; but owing to the labours of our French colleagues a new vista in the history of pictorial art has been unveiled, and the versatility and technical skill of palæolithic man has been further demonstrated. The mural decoration of the caves has been gradually made known to students by the publication of short papers in several French scientific journals, but the illustrations were on a small scale and in black and white. Thanks to assistance received from the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres, MM. E. Cartailhac and l'Abbé H. Breuil have been enabled to make a careful study of the famous cave at Altamira in the north of Spain, and owing to the munificence of the Prince of Monaco their researches are recorded in a sumptuous memoir in which a large number of drawings are reproduced. Not only is there a wealth of plates and of figures in the text, but the memoir is further enriched by twenty-four plates, beautifully executed in colours from careful copies made by the skilful and indefatigable Abbé Breuil.

Thus for the first time we are able to realise the rare character of these extraordinary paintings. It is astonishing that such careful drawing and clever application of colour should have been made in the black recesses of caves where artificial light was necessary to delineate as well as to reveal them, from which it is evident that these paintings and engravings were not executed to secure the approbation of the general public of the day. Though doubtless the pleasure the artists took in the production of the works was enhanced by the exhibition of them to those sympathisers who were permitted to visit the galleries, we can never know for certain what were the motives that stirred the artists to attempt these works of art. Some see in them a magical import, and regard the representations as pictorial charms which constrained the quarry towards its doom. Analogies for this point of view are plentiful amongst savage folk. It might be urged that the paintings had a socio-religious object, perhaps indicative of some vague animal cult or even of totemism. But in addition to the zoomorphs there are numerous other figures and signs, whose significance is unknown, which must also be taken into consideration. The most prosaic view is that they simply record what the artists saw around them every day, as is the case with the majority of the rock paintings and the figures pecked on boulders by the Bushmen of South Africa. Indeed there are not wanting those who suggest that people akin to Bushmen did live in Western Europe during part of the Palæolithic Age, and they point to certain conformations of the body which characterise alike the yellow-skinned dwarf hunters of South Africa and the ivory statuettes that have been found in several European caves which were inhabited during the last inter-glacial period; but these probably antedated any of the mural paintings.

The patient care of the investigators has revealed to us the simultaneous evolution of mural engraving and painting over a very long period. The sequence was elucidated by noting the superposition of one drawing upon another, some being veritable palimpsests, and drawings in a particular style in one cave were compared with similar ones in other caves. By these means the Abbé Breuil has dissected out, as it were, several phases of mural art in caves of the Palæolithic Age. The earliest cave decoration consists of deep incisions or painted black lines or dots which seldom convey any meaning to

us; they are the scrawls of beginners. Then follow stiff outline engravings of animals in profile with a single fore leg and hind leg, or similar paintings in black; neither hair nor relief is indicated.

In M. Breuil's "second phase" the touch of the engravings continues broad and deep, the outline is more lifelike, though often ill-proportioned, the four limbs are shown often joined two and two together, and frequently the hoofs are delineated with great care. The horns are generally represented in perspective. Afterwards the line rather loses in breadth and depth, but gains in clearness, and the drawing becomes more true to life. Often *champ-levé* has been done in such a way as to give an appearance of bas-relief to some parts of an animal. Sometimes the body of an animal is filled in with scraping to indicate the colour of the hair; very hairy parts are most often shown by very close hatching. In the painted figures the outline, which may be in black or red, becomes more solid and thickens at suitable places so as to emphasise reliefs, masses of hair, or joints; indeed some of this free "brush-work" recalls the simple studies of Japanese artists. The use of colour continues to develop, until figures are worked all over, so as to reproduce in an admirable manner the modelling of the animal. Often engraving is used to trace the outline; the shading of the body has been produced by rubbing, so that the result looks much like a stump drawing. Certain tectiform figures doubtless belong to this period.

The wall engravings of the third phase are generally of small size, and though the line is less deep than previously it is still fairly clear and perfectly continuous; there are, however, very light "graffiti", the lines of which are hardly visible. Some of the figures are masterpieces. The engravings of what appear to be conical huts belong to this period. The art of painting, however, exhibits considerable retrogression; colour was used in excess and entirely fills the outline. At Altamira these frescoes are deplorable in design and appallingly out of proportion, at least the few that have been preserved are.

The engravings of the fourth phase lose their importance and become nothing more than graffiti, the lines of which are very difficult to follow and have become less continuous. The part played by the hair is often extremely exaggerated at the cost of the general firmness of the design. The form of the outline tends to become stereotyped and attention to detail to take the place of expression and life in the whole figure. The painters now try to regain the modelling lost in the preceding phase. They obtain this result by employing many colours; in this they are at first timid. On monochrome figures in brown or red some details are picked out in black, such as the hoofs, eyes, mane and horns. Then black becomes used for almost all the contour lines, the body being richly shaded in various tints obtained by mixing red and black. Several of the most recently painted animals, such as the great galloping boar, are almost entirely black, and so recall the above-mentioned "modelled blacks", but the distribution of the strokes of the brush and the treatment of the details is very different. Engraving is constantly combined with fresco, serving to outline the subject and to give precision to the detail; scraping and skilful washing bring out the joints and emphasise the convexities. This is the culminating point of the art of the cave men, but there is a tendency for the shape of the animals, especially the bisons, to become somewhat conventionalised and less lifelike than at other stages in which technique is less advanced. In some cases tectiform signs and their derivatives are very plentiful.

In M. Breuil's fifth phase there is no longer any mural engraving nor are there any frescoes of animals. In the cave at Marsoulas (Haute-Garonne), which is the only example of this phase in France, there are figures in the form of bands, branches, combs, lines of dots, dotted surfaces, and there is also one figure of a cross in a circle. These designs irresistibly recall those mysterious signs painted on pebbles in the famous cave of *Mas d'Azil* (Ariège), which was so carefully investigated by M. Piette; but the caves of Castillo and Niaux afford proof that at an earlier period certain artists

already possessed a large number of conventional signs from which the Azilian figures are derivatives.

It is thus evident that the art of Palaeolithic man was not produced off-hand out of any one man's head, like Pallas Athene from Zeus; but, like all human achievements, it was the fruit of accumulated effort and long groping, wherein the balance had to be struck between egregious blunders, patient repetition, ingenious discoveries, and bold innovations. Further, there is evidence that this evolution must have spread over a long period. All this time Nature was changing around the artists; the climate was gradually becoming modified, and in Central Europe steppe conditions were giving place to forest or tundra. In the Pyrenean country we must not expect to find these variations so well defined as in Central Europe, but even so, as Piette and others have demonstrated, there is a difference in the faunas of various layers. In the oldest layer elephants predominated, statuettes were carved in ivory, and there were other sculptures in the round and later in low relief (Papalian or Eburnean epoch). The changing climatic conditions diminished the growth of forest and favoured the appearance of prairies; hence the horse predominated and was depicted in profusion by the artists of the French caves (Solutrean epoch). The cold increased and tundra conditions prevailed and the reindeer became abundant. When mammoth ivory became rare, reindeer antlers were employed for carving, and the change of material led to a modification of the technique. As the relief in the designs became less and less the artist had to employ the graver. At the end of the Papalian epoch the artists executed very low reliefs on plates of bone not more than two millimetres in thickness. They made silhouettes, modelling the contours on both sides; but the great difficulty of carving such thin objects soon led to its abandonment. They replaced this style by cutting out contours and engraving the surface. This technique was common in the region of the Pyrenees, but rare to the north of the Garonne; being a transitional form, it did not last long, whereas sculptures in low relief persisted into later years. These later and simple engravings characterise the Magdalenian or Tarandian epoch. The beds in which the reindeer gave place to the red deer and the boar mark a reversion to a temperate climate and forest conditions. This is the Tourassian or Cervian epoch, and simple engravings still persist on objects from French caves. Finally, in the layer of coloured pebbles in the cave of Mas d'Azil no engravings or carvings have been found, and it is interesting to note that this decadence of pictorial art is apparently associated with the beginning of agriculture. The earliest stage of the first phase in the mural decoration of the Altamira cave appears to belong to the Eburnean epoch; then follows a period, as represented by the frescoes, with a maximum of horses and wild goats; a deer stage follows; and finally there is a maximum of bison and boars, which brings the series up to the Cervian epoch.

Much has been written concerning the evolution of glyptic and pictorial art based upon *a priori* hypotheses, but such deductions are valueless. For example, it has been stated that sculpture was a later form of art than engraving, but M. Piette has proved that this was not so in southern France. Portraiture, according to one old legend, arose from marking a shadow that was cast upon a wall, and this view has been adopted by some writers. Pictorial art has doubtless had many origins, and the process of its evolution may have been very diverse, but now we can trace its history in the Pyrenean region, and it has proved to be as remarkable as it is unexpected.

MORAL ORIGINS.

"The Origin and Development of Moral Ideas." Vol. II.
By Dr. Edward Westermarck. London: Macmillan.
1908. 14s. net.

THE great work is completed, and the most exhaustive and impartial account of the development of moral sense and practice lies open to the student. There are fifteen hundred pages in the two volumes, packed with

matter and detailed reference; in the list of authorities two thousand four hundred names are cited. And for Professor Westermarck to cite is a guarantee that he has read and digested. Arrangement and style help the average reader to fathom this profound abyss of learning and make his way without stumbling among primitive institutions and savage customs. Few English writers employ the English tongue more simply or impressively than our Finnish friend; and the work takes its place at once as the standard book on inductive ethics—a monument of patient and unprejudiced toil that in its particular line will not easily be superseded.

Dr. Westermarck is no superficial dogmatist; he takes the reader into his confidence, gives him chapter and verse, and shows him the working of the sum. The accumulated evidence is set before us with singular clearness; and with whatever prepossession he may start, a candid reader must end by being a convert. This volume contains no new theories to be noted; only the carrying out of the method adopted in the first part, reviewed here in 1906. There is the same pleading for the emotional basis of the moral judgment, the same emphasis on the sympathetic and disinterested verdict on actions, in which the general voice speaks in us, not the personal and private view of the individual. It is the gallery or pit at a melodrama, rejoicing at the ultimate triumph of the right. And human nature, spite of the variations which he so successfully analyses, is uniform. Neither time nor culture places any real barrier or gulf between us and our primitive forefathers; and to understand them we need not go to the learned and academic reflections of moralists, but interrogate our own heart, the "plain man" (before he troubles and deceives himself by attributing motives), and penetrate into early habit and the simple savage life, which is so fast vanishing from the world of to-day.

As to the special matters examined from this point of view, we find treated here property, marriage, regard for the dead, belief in spirits and deities, and (last and most important of all) the gods as guardians of morality. And here we shall have to correct our current notions; the savage is no communist (in any sense intelligible or attractive to-day); is no free-liver or free-lover, but a monogamist with a reverent view of the great sacrament of matrimony; is no light-hearted worshipper of ancestral spirits, but a timid devotee of forefathers whose character, once benevolent, may sadly degenerate into fickle cruelty amidst the unknown influences of the darker world; is no obedient moralist because the gods have so decreed, but in spite of the example of the heavenly beings, who neither in their own conduct nor in the treatment of men, here or hereafter, show anything approaching moral sympathy or justice. Late and reluctant, to many nations never, comes the belief that the gods are "guardians of morality". Religion and ethics stand apart, sundered as wide as the poles. With social conduct distinct from ritual observance the gods are in no way concerned. Human morality has not grown up under the shadow of divine protection; but has flourished with a certain defiance of the incalculable powers whose standard of justice and mercy and all other virtues differs so completely from our own.

These are hard sayings, and must cause many searchings of heart. The facile commonplaces about the early implication of moral duty with divine command must be carefully reconsidered. What we call strictly ethical grows on social soil, because man's needs make him very early in his development a social animal, and gather him to his kindred in ever-widening circles. There is at first no religious sanction, because religion deals, through the mediation of wizard-king or priestly caste, with the strange and terrible beings thronging, unseen and malevolent, about the path of the savage. There is a very distinct cleavage between hard-and-fast usage, laws of honour, self-restraint, patriotism, unselfishness, and the immemorial but unintelligible rites by which spirits are placated. The one, however crystallised into set routine, remains always at bottom spontaneous; it is accepted in the natural course as an inheritance to be guarded, but it awakens a responsive echo deep

in the heart : even though it takes the form of positive enactment, it is not conceived as a thralldom from without, only a guidance and encouragement for natural feeling, for conscience. But the other ritual and formula is not of this character ; it is to the end, something external, unappropriated by the sentiment or the reason. The service of the gods (even of ancestors) never arouses the primitive terror into true loyalty ; and the intermediaries, who undertake to divine the whims and interpret the will of the gods, are rather feared than loved. " *Primus in orbe deos fecit timor* " ; and if Dr. Frazer's fascinating theory of the wizard-king be true, we may read " *duces* " as well. All authority, other than the patriarch or headman and trustee, comes of fear—sometimes of bodily strength and prowess, far more generally of uncanny spiritual influence. Religious practice often runs directly counter to ordinary moral observance ; the magician dressed and behaving as a woman ; the temple-attendants of open profligacy ; the wildly dissolute African priestess ; the annual Saturnalia, which so strangely contradict the habitual austerity and self-restraint of the savage. It is society that has built up strict rules, on the whole fencing primitive life with a wholesome restraint, and accepted willingly enough. But it is religion that leads to sporadic breaches of this system, wild violations of custom, so that the malicious deities may not be deprived of their honours. Retribution in a future world is very seldom connected with a belief in Providence or a Divine justice. " *Karma* " is the primitive belief wherever immortality and morals are obviously connected ; and in the act lies its consequence—not because a god has attached effect to cause by some arbitrary fiat, but because such unerring sequence is somehow in the nature of things. And even further : it is not clear that the future life (a belief overwhelmingly prevalent if not quite universal) has any necessary connexion with conduct here or is won by virtue. Happiness hereafter depends rather on burial duly performed, on tribal memory and offering, or on certain methods of trading on the favouritism of the spirits.

This cool and unprejudiced survey of man's feelings and history demands the closest attention. It cannot fail to put to flight certain views commonly entertained in an age singularly confused in its thoughts, singularly ready to accept a superficial explanation. But (that we may reassure the orthodox) there is nothing in Dr. Westermarck's volume that tends to overthrow the present close alliance of ethics and religion. If religion has only gradually become ethical in any genuine sense, there is no reason to suppose that it is a tardy and unworthy confederate. Indeed to any one of clear sight it is evident that religion to-day has attracted to itself the old spontaneity that once marked morality. This, in the legalism and coercion, the individualist hopes or discontent of our own time, has lost (except to a very few) its old meaning. And in one point only do we think the Professor mistaken and unduly optimistic : his belief in a future cosmopolitan brotherhood of mankind. In two or three places where the analyst almost becomes the preacher, he speaks of widening sympathies and ethical certainties which will lead men to apply all the old sentiment or loyalty of a narrow and primitive society to the vast complex of the race. Now it is impossible to detect any certain signs of this comfortable millennium. The real significance of our development in the last two or three centuries lies in the modern conflict of interests, classes, nations, races. It is conceivable that war will disappear, as a fact of experience, in selfish dread of the consequences ; but the condition of man would be an armed and suspicious truce of competing interests, not the full sympathy which our generous humanitarian forefathers. Yet even though the Professor be too hasty and mistaken in such a prophecy, it is something to find that his belief in human nature has survived the long and patient scrutiny of our dimmest archives. He has achieved a work which will supersede or embody a host of partial or incoherent inquiries ; and it is no little encouragement to know that he is still a convinced admirer of the plain man, the ordinary conscience, and the moral life.

A HARD-WORKING SOLDIER.

" *Recollections of a Life in the British Army during the Latter Half of the 19th Century.*" By General Sir Richard Harrison G.C.B., C.M.G., Colonel-Commandant R.E. With Illustrations. London : Smith, Elder. 1908.

THIS is no book of startling military adventure, but the plain story, told in a most unemotional manner, of a lifetime of hard work and devotion to duty of a zealous and thoroughly practical professional soldier who saw much hard fighting in the Indian Mutiny and in China, as well as service in our South African and Egyptian wars. To all soldiers of the period described it will bring back memories of a host of gallant and distinguished men with whom Sir Richard served. To the lay reader it will give some idea of what serious soldiering, both in peace and in war, means, and how even the popularly supposed nominal duties of commanding a military district in England in peace time involve constant attention and much hard work.

When in 1855 young Harrison left Harrow before reaching the Sixth Form in order to go out to the Crimea, the Headmaster, Dr. Vaughan, told him he was " throwing himself away ". Some forty years later Sir Richard, after much distinguished service, met with his old chief, then living in a quiet deanery in his military command, and reminded him of his polite prophecy, upon which the Doctor replied gently, " Well, didn't you ? " The story is delightful, but has its sad side, for it shows how such views of the noblest profession of all—the defence of one's country—are not confined to uneducated Labour agitators or Nonconformist anti-militarists. In one way Dr. Vaughan was right ; the amount of brains and powers of organisation shown by Sir Richard would have ensured his success in any walk in life, and would assuredly have met with prompter recognition. But with such opinions as to the relative degree of brain power for military and civil employment it is no wonder that, save in a few rare cases, our " successful " soldiers are unquestionably second-rate men, always excepting those who are of a still lower grade. It is sad to think how marked individuality and real ability are alike taboo amid the class whence our Army Council is recruited—those mediocre individuals who conspire to crush all men of superior brain power and use the pedantic military machinery to enforce their own pitiful views.

Harrison was by training a Royal Engineer, but possibly owing to the very brief time he was at Woolwich, from the stress of the Crimean War, and also owing to his natural aptitude for soldiering, he was extremely broadminded, as all those who served with him know. Thus it came about that in place of being circumscribed in his views by his " sapper " training he habitually used it to supplement and elaborate his undoubtedly sound knowledge of the practical details of Staff work. For he was a born Quartermaster-General, and whenever, either in peace or in war, he chanced to be placed where a knowledge of such work was required he showed it finely. Few soldiers, and still fewer civilians, realise what a vast store of knowledge and experience is required for the performance of the duties of a Q.M.-G. The Duke of Cambridge was ever most emphatic on the point, and maintained that the post required careful training and wide experience, thereby differing essentially from that of Adjutant-General, for which he declared he could " ever find an officer more easily ". In 1897 Sir Richard was appointed Quartermaster-General to the Forces, but only temporarily, the post being earmarked for Sir George White on his return from India. This officer, whatever his other merits may have been, had never shown any aptitude, nor had he had the requisite training, for the work. In due course Sir Richard vacated the post in favour of Sir George. This occurred during Lord Wolseley's tenure of the Commandership-in-Chief, and he incurred blame for the job. As a matter of fact, in this, as in innumerable other matters, he was overmastered by his civilian chief, Lord Lansdowne.

Upon Sir Richard vacating the post of Q.M.-G. he was given that of Inspector-General of Fortifications.

It is interesting and instructive to note how Sir Richard, who can by no stretch of fancy be termed one of "the Ring" or a "Wolseleyite", bears testimony to the genius of Lord Wolseley. Thus, when writing of the Egyptian Expedition of 1882, he says, and says truly: "Never has so successful an expedition left our shores. Never has there been one that owed more to the brain that planned it and the gallant energy that carried it out."

After the 1882 expedition Sir Richard returned to his post as A.Q.M.-G. at Aldershot, and worked hard with others on committees to remedy the defects in our organisation for war which the recent campaign had brought to light. But slowly and surely "it dawned upon him that the War Office (in contradistinction from the Commander-in-Chief's department) did not mind the work we were doing at Aldershot so long as it was only a paper transaction. When, however, it became something more, and by changes in pattern or by the creation of appointments affected Army funds, they opposed us at every turn". Poor British Army! For when in the strife of war, as in South Africa, defects are manifested, guns are out-ranged, or want of mobility and of individuality is apparent, it is the luckless Commander-in-Chief at home and the General and Staff in the field, with the "stupid" officers who are being shot down wholesale, who are held up to abuse—not the authorities in Pall Mall or Whitehall.

We are especially pleased to note that Sir Richard places on record a fact regarding the services of Lord Wolseley which cannot be too widely known—we have often alluded to it—his marvellous pluck during the most depressing period of our early reverses in the Boer War. Of this time Sir Richard writes: "He had had a most difficult part to play, especially just before and during the war, in arranging for the organisation and equipment of field armies far in excess of the numbers provided by Parliament. Through times of greater difficulty and danger than many people are aware of he never lost heart, but was always ready with a smiling face to meet those who came to him for advice or assistance." We wonder if Lord Lansdowne ever recalls those troublous times and feels any gratitude for his intrepid assistant. A sad chapter in the book is that describing the death of the young Prince Imperial in Zululand, for which at the time Sir Richard, among others, was unjustly blamed. A pathetic interest attaches to a reconnaissance report which the Prince sent in to Harrison a few days before he met with his untimely death. This is given in an appendix, and shows unmistakable signs of high military aptitude.

The inevitable impression left upon the reader of this interesting book is one of regret that owing to our Army system it should be possible, by means of red-tape and the dull non-possumus of second-rate civil and military jacks-in-office, to retard the advancement and, whenever possible, nullify or minimise the power for good that such a man as Sir Richard Harrison, had he been allowed more scope for his talents, could have done in the improvement of our Army as a fighting machine.

HISTORY IN DRY BONES.

"The Cambridge Modern History." Vol. XI. "The Growth of Nationalities." Cambridge: The University Press. 1909. 16s. net.

"THE Cambridge Modern History" does not improve as it develops. It becomes less of an organic whole and more a series of disconnected articles. We cannot believe that, if Lord Acton had lived, he would have been satisfied with the result of his experiment. Perhaps it may be that the original design has failed in completion because it has lacked the co-ordinating power of his comprehensive sagacity, but we doubt if any editor, however powerful, could have given unity to a volume of heterogeneous essays of this nature. We

have here a survey of the world from China to Peru, roughly from 1815 to 1870. We are not indulging in hyperbole, for it includes chapters on China and Japan, Australia, South Africa, Russian literature, and other subjects hardly more akin. Any attempt to evolve anything like order out of such a chaos must be foredoomed to failure, so the reader must attempt to extract what teaching he can from the varied slices of information presented in twenty-eight chapters by various authors.

Of course no book dealing with this period can be without interest, and, bald as the style of narration generally is, there will be found a great deal of "miscellaneous feeding" for the inquiring mind. But to call such a book a "history" is almost a misuse of terms. It is rather a succession of chronicles composed of hard, dry facts, as many as possible being packed into the space allotted to each author. Some of the contributors are clearly capable of performing the historian's true function, which is not only to narrate but to reason and draw deductions, giving the best ascertained facts to support his conclusions. But there is no scope here for those who possess it exercising such capacity. We miss indeed such scholarly and reasoned contributions as were supplied by Mr. Fisher to the volumes on "Napoleon" and "The French Revolution", where the subjects themselves also possessed a certain unity of structure entirely wanting in the matters treated in this volume. Up and down the book are scattered two or three chapters on the rise of United Italy or United Germany, but the Procrustean system followed throughout cuts them up into certain lengths without any very sound reason or necessity arising from the nature of the subject. The same remark will apply to the history of France from 1848 to 1870. By dodging about and with frequent resort to a good index the reader may track any particular course of events which he desires to pursue to the end; but this does not seem and never has seemed to us to be the right way to write history. We have therefore a more or less digested mass of useful information, but nothing more.

The reader who can make political deductions for himself will derive a great deal of interest from a comparison between the growth of the modern State in its latest phases, political and economic, and its condition to-day. For instance, from an economic point of view, what can be more instructive than the strange, happy-go-lucky way in which the British railway system was allowed to grow up? In fact, as is pointed out by Mr. Clapham, Peel deliberately permitted the whole railway policy of this country at its inception to be left in the hands of Private Bill Committees of the House of Commons; which, as the writer truly says, "pursued no consistent policy". We see the result to-day in the fact that the railway companies have in their possession about one-third of all the waterways in the country, while abortive attempts made subsequently by the State to acquire the control our rulers ought never to have allowed to get out of their hands has resulted in a strange medley of legislation which cannot be said to be satisfactory in its results for the traders of the country. But this is a matter of domestic concern; this volume will be valuable, on the contrary, as it helps the student to follow the great national movements which have gone to form modern Europe.

Of these the struggle for Italian independence will always remain the most romantic, as it has been in its results the most disappointing. And how little would have been achieved without foreign assistance, much of which was given in gross violation of international obligations! The chapters on this subject contributed by the late Professor Masi, of Florence, are on the whole very creditable to their author, for they give a reasonably impartial account of matters on which it is not easy for a patriotic Italian to write impartially. The more we study this singular story the less important Garibaldi, with all his dash and fanfaronnade, appears, and the more commanding is the figure of Cavour. It is one of the tragedies of history that that great man did not live to work out on his own sensible and moderate lines the problem he came so near to solving. What would the

author of the famous phrase "Libera chiesa in libero stato" have thought of the Rome of to-day, with its "Asino" and its Nathan in the seat of the *Prætors*? Anyone, too, who knows anything of Italy now recognises how little real unity there is between the component parts. From the beginning the Southern Italians and Sicilians were disorganised and selfish; the further north we turn the greater the public spirit. This may account in some degree for the scant amount of sympathy felt in the north to-day for the misfortunes of the south. Italy, though with a great deal of real patriotism and much romantic enthusiasm manufactured abroad to back her, really did little for herself, but her statesmen, with extraordinary astuteness, made use of the foreigner.

Germany, on the other hand, or rather Prussia, owed everything to herself, and it is amusing to reflect how a movement, beginning in the sentimental democratic risings of 1848, culminated in the blood and iron of 1870 and the bureaucratic, pitilessly efficient Germany of to-day. The progress of Hungary from dependence to at least an equality with Austria is well traced by Dr. Ward. Even Switzerland is not forgotten, and the story of the Sonderbund is worth study. Still more instructive is the subsequent development of the Referendum, which, enthusiasts often forget, is a purely national Swiss institution. It has grown up from the earliest times, just as parliamentary and party government has in our own country.

We have here chapters on English, French, Russian, Polish, Bohemian, and other literatures which are good in their way, particularly M. Bourgeois' sketch, but they add to the enormous complexity of the book, and render still more hopeless any attempt to treat it as an organic whole. Sir Ernest Satow's chapter on China is merely a sketch of China's dealings with Western Powers, but his article on Japan is a useful record of the rapid steps by which that country assumed Western civilisation. The interesting and perplexing problem of the future is how far Japan is really European at heart. Some speculation on that subject by so great an authority would be welcome, but is evidently considered outside the scope of this work, which has no room for the philosophy of history, and succeeds in being a fair epitome, but even that only in disjointed sections.

THE VISION OF ADAMNAN.

"An Irish Precursor of Dante: a Study on the Vision of Heaven and Hell ascribed to the Eighth-century Irish Saint Adamnan, with Translation of the Irish Text." By C. S. Boswell. London: Nutt. 1908. 6s.

NEARLY a thousand years ago some unknown Irish monk wrote down the account of the vision which the tradition of his day attributed to S. Adamnan, Abbot of Iona. The text was copied into two famous Irish manuscript collections—one of the twelfth, the other of the fourteenth century—and there it lay, undisturbed save for occasional references, until a German, Professor Windisch, printed it in the nineteenth century. In 1870 an Indian civilian, Mr. Whitley Stokes, privately printed a translation at Simla (of all places). Now at last text and English translation, accompanied by elaborate commentary, are given to a world which has grown more interested in comparative mythology than concerned for its soul. It is a strange record. The man who first committed the vision to writing for the edification of his brethren in the faith must have been startled had he foreseen that his work would, a thousand years later, be read with interest because a mediaeval Florentine poet had in the meantime written one of the greatest books in the world's literature on the same theme. But the notion that the things revealed to Adamnan would in these latter days be carefully studied, not with the aim of fortifying Christian souls by meditation on the splendours of Heaven and the terrors of Hell, but that a curious generation might compare the vision with the vain imaginations of the Chaldees, the myths of ancient Persia and India, the pagan fancies of Greece and Rome, the fairy tales of Keltic heathendom—

would not preision of these things have made the old monk despair of Western Christianity?

Adamnan is known to the world by his Latin "Life of S. Columba", the founder of Iona; but he was a conspicuous figure in the events of his day alike in Northumberland, Scotland, and Ireland, and he set a literary fashion not yet obsolete by writing a guide-book on a country which he had not visited—the Holy Land. To him is attributed the Irish law forbidding the participation of women in battles—a law which might with advantage be studied to-day. It is clear that he is not the author of the "Fis Adamnain", but there is no reason to doubt that the vision therein recorded was believed by the Keltic Church to have been vouchsafed to him. (Why, by the way, does Mr. Boswell describe as "an eighth-century saint" one who was, as he says, born in 627 and who died in 703?) Our text may be as old as the ninth century, and is certainly not later than the eleventh. It therefore throws much light on the ideas of early Keltic Christianity, and, as we are not sorry to observe, affords little scope for theological wrangling.

Mr. Boswell's title may give a somewhat erroneous idea of his excellent little book. There are human beings quite capable of asserting that the "Divine Comedy" was written by an Irishman and pirated by Dante, but Mr. Boswell is not of their number. He does not think that Dante could possibly have read, or was likely even to have heard of, the "Fis Adamnain". But he shows that there are some striking coincidences of treatment, and he argues with great force the case that the copious vision-literature of Ireland (of which this work is perhaps the finest example) influenced Latin Christianity and passed into the common stock of legend upon which Dante drew. "The Voyage of S. Brendan" became widely known, while the mediaeval legends about S. Patrick's Purgatory in Lough Derg were drawing Continental pilgrims to Donegal in the thirteenth century. Mr. Boswell—after a careful analysis of Oriental, Classical, and Biblical tradition—traces in a most interesting way the gradual development of the old Keltic ideas about the lands of immortality beyond the Western sea, which fortunate mortal voyagers might behold, into visions of the abodes of the dead. Actual voyages glided almost insensibly into visions, and, when Christianity came, the homes of the super-human beings who intervened in the affairs of men were easily transformed into the abode of the human dead. Had Mr. Boswell consulted Miss Eleanor Hull's paper in "Folk-Lore" of 1907 on "The Idea of Hades in Celtic Literature" he would, we fancy, have been more cautious in following those who press a single ambiguous passage in early Irish writings to imply that the pagan Gaels believed that the mysterious denizens of what Mr. Nutt (in his careful study of "The Voyage of Bran") calls the Happy Otherworld ruled over the dead. Just as Odysseus dwelt with Calypso, or Tithonus was given immortality by the love of a goddess, a man who won an immortal bride might leave this everyday world to dwell with the ever-living folk. But it is hard to find amongst the pagan Gaels any evidence of the belief in immortality (as distinct from the possibility of re-incarnation) which Caesar attributed to the Druids of Gaul. Christianity, however, found in Irish myths a framework which was easily adapted to its own beliefs, and the vivid fancy of the Kelt delighted in developments of the theme of the Apocalypse. Adamnan is borne by his guardian angel through the seven "Heavenly Kingdoms"—which comprise not only Heaven, but Hell and Purgatory—and, when his soul would fain have tarried near the Throne, is carried back to the world "to rehearse in courts and assemblies, and in the great congregations of laymen and of clerics, the rewards of Heaven and the pains of Hell, even as his guardian angel had revealed them unto him". The vision has a primitive dignity and poetry of its own, inspired by intense faith and reverence, and the seer is free from that tendency to delight in the grotesque and horrible which mars the work of the Gaelic decadence and the mediaeval monkish writers. The Inferno, seen by the eyes of lesser men than Dante, became merely disgusting. But our vision-writer, while warning men of the terrible results of sin, was resolute to preach the religion of hope.

NOVELS.

"9009." By James Hopper and Fred R. Bechdolt. London: Heinemann. 1909. 2s. 6d.

The authors of this record tell us in a preface that they were prompted to produce it by "indignation—indignation at facts", and add that "9009" is a story made of facts—a fact story". Put into commonplace language, without hysteria, it is a protest against the American penal system, but to make it intelligible it needs a glossary. "Listen, pal," says a garrotter to 9009, "I'll wise you a thing or two. It's the cons; watch them. The cons. . . . The guards—they're bad enough; God knows they're all bad in this hell hole. But the cons—they're devils." "Every man of them is stoolin' on the other" we are told. It is a gruesome record of murder in cold blood by officials, and the subsequent murder of officials in revenge, of fruitless outbreaks ending in the shooting down of the ringleaders, and finally in the escape of 9009, the shooting down of a score or so of his pursuers, and his death in the open. The descriptive powers of the authors make a singular study: "9009 waited to be shot. . . . Between him and the guards two striped huddles, like wound snakes upon the beaten earth of the earth. A limp hand drooping loosely from the nearest huddle", and so on. There can be no question as to the desperate earnestness of the authors, but they are woefully wrong in their choice of the means to promote the reform they apparently desire, nor do they tell us what the reform should be.

"Araminta." By J. C. Snaith. London: Smith, Elder. 1909. 6s.

Was there ever such an anomaly in existence as the eponymous heroine of Mr. Snaith's new novel? Araminta is six feet high, and dressed like a young general servant going to her first place when she arrives at the Countess of Crewkerne's house in Mayfair, and so unpractical that she asks the housekeeper for her Aunt Caroline, forgetting that aunt's other name and title. Yet she is so beautiful that she becomes the wonder of London society, has an old duke and an earl in leading-strings, and actually wins the love of her formidable aunt, who at first talks of her thus: "I hope you will not put ideas into the creature's head, that's all. Fortunately, she is such a born simpleton that it is doubtful whether she is capable of retaining any". Yet although Araminta's "understanding was a slow-moving and cumbrous mechanism," she becomes, in her author's hands, the beautiful centre of a story full of comedy. The terrible, sharp-tongued, "made-up" old countess, the old dandy Cheriton, who believes himself still irresistible, the red-faced duke, known as "Gobo" or "Gobble" by his associates because they think him like a turkey, and the young artist Lascelles—all more or less stock characters—are treated with such nice discernment of individuality that we find ourselves in a pleasant society, watching the heart-beats under the pretences of hardness and cynicism, and far removed from the strenuous either in talk or action. It is a story which pleases one in the reading and leaves one with the sense that life is not all "hustle".

"The Archdeacon's Family." By Maud Egerton King. London: Murray. 1909. 6s.

The Archdeacon had been a blend of Kingsley and William Morris and John Richard Green, and his widow was convinced that their three sons must succeed in realising his ideals. But the eldest son was commonplace, and the second (having seduced a beautiful Welsh girl) married an American and overworked himself in insincere politics and shady finance. Peter, the youngest, used an opportune legacy to work at re-creating healthy rural life in England, but, falling in love with the aforesaid Welsh peasant girl, now a famous singer (whose life had become very complicated), and being unable to marry her, handicapped himself by wedding an excellent, commonplace and underbred nurse. Mrs. King has

really tried to interweave too many threads, but the book rises above the level not only in virtue of some good character-drawing but, more signally, on account of the writer's imaginative grasp of what we ought to mean when we use the parrot-cry "Back to the land".

"Mrs. Whiston's House-Party." By Thomas Cobb. London: Everett. 1909. 6s.

This is the kind of story which, if it had been clothed by a woman with duly sentimental garb and liveliness of manner, would have made a possibly popular if commonplace romance. Told in Mr. Cobb's bleak, unsympathetic way, it is unsuitably presented and likely to please no one. The hero marries beneath him, and then, disgusted by his wife's commonness, leaves her after a few weeks, with a small annuity, to the dangers and troubles of a deserted wife and mother. When he returns after some years he finds her transformed into a cultured, charming woman, and claims his rights as a husband. Naturally the wife is offended and reluctant, but in the end sacrifices revenge to love, and they are re-united. The banality and improbability of the plot and its chilly, artificial presentment are not atoned for by any witty turns of speech or humour of character. It is a nondescript piece of work, unworthy of Mr. Cobb.

"The Canon's Dilemma," and other Stories. By Victor L. Whitechurch. London: Unwin. 1909. 6s.

These are pleasant, readable magazine stories, sometimes sentimental, usually gently humorous, and all ingenious and well worked out. The studies of clerical character are neither spiteful nor unctuous, but fair and sympathetic presentations of various types of clergy. It is quite the book for a railway journey.

"The End and the Beginning." By Cosmo Hamilton. London: Mills and Boon. 1909. 3s. 6d.

Dedicated to the actor who impersonated the hero in "the play adapted from this story". But for this information we should have thought the story had been adapted from a rather old-fashioned play—say of the middle 'nineties—of which theatrical period its character, humour, situations, and final curtain alike pleasantly remind us.

"More Bunkum." By Frank Richardson. London: Nash. 1909. 6s.

A collection of light sketches, most aptly entitled. A caricature by "Max" of the author's personal appearance is prefixed to the volume, and he further advertises himself in an autobiographical preface in which "face-fungi" is characteristically supposed to be a funny way of saying "whiskers".

SHORTER NOTICES.

"The Moral System of Dante's Inferno." By W. H. V. Reade, Tutor of Keble College. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 1909.

Mr. Reade's book is the work of an Oxford Dante scholar not unworthy to rank with Canon Moore and Mr. Toynbee. It gives evidence not only of the deepest and most careful study of Dante, but also of a wide and thorough knowledge of the mediæval schoolmen, especially of the works of S. Thomas Aquinas. It is not distinguished by learning only but also by ingenuity and originality. Mr. Reade has been struck by what look like certain grotesque incongruities in the moral system commonly attributed to the Inferno, and the usual explanations he rejects entirely. Witte's, apparently the most plausible, he brands as "preposterous". The principal difficulties are how to explain the absence from the Inferno of three among what Dante brands as the seven principal vices, and the apparent absence from Purgatory of all the sins punished in the lower circles of his Hell. Witte's theory is that only overt acts lead to punishment in Hell, as on earth; on the other hand that the punishment of the damned is exclusively penal, while penance is purely remedial. Mr. Reade conclusively demonstrates that these theories are not only untenable but directly opposed to the teaching of Judaism, Christian theology, and secular philosophy. He then goes on to prove

that Dante's principle is that the existing state of the agent's will at the time of the sin is the criterion of an act. Dante was not always guided by S. Thomas, but S. Thomas always throws light on Dante, and both of them will look for the blackest sins in the highest regions of the intellectual life. We have no space to deal further with the problem so ably discussed by the author; he admits his book is one for experts, and to them we cordially recommend it.

"*Paul Verlaine: His Life—His Work.*" By Edmond Lepelletier. London: Laurie. 1909. 21s. net.

It was at Verlaine's own desire that M. Lepelletier became the biographer of his friend whom he knew from boyhood until the end of the poet's wretched life. He wrote: "Lepelletier is able to clear what will soon be my memory. I rely upon him to make me known as I was in reality, when I am no longer here." M. Lepelletier maintains that Verlaine's supposed extreme depravity was a legend created and encouraged by himself, the product of a poet's imagination poisoned with alcohol and morbidly reacting against his real desires for good. There is an interesting contrast between François Villon and Verlaine in this respect. Verlaine's extraordinary Bohemian life is told fully, sympathetically, and tenderly. Perhaps it is too apologetic on the whole, and with too much of the theory that genius excuses or condones vice. English readers will smile to be told that "It was in England especially, the land of whisky which overwhelms, and gin which stupefies, that he acquired the habit of steady drinking, of hurried glasses 'on draught' at the bar, of fits of exaltation followed by prolonged torpor." One may smile also at Mr. E. M. Lang, the translator, who makes M. Lepelletier say that Verlaine never came "within an ace" of the halter; and that, "like Anthea and the earth, contact with the liquid reinvested him with an ephemeral but brilliant vigour". The essential thing, however, is that no other book reveals so much of Verlaine's life and poems as this does.

"*History of the Royal Regiment of Artillery.*" By Lieut.-Col. H. W. L. Hime. London: Longmans, Green. 1908. 6s. net.

The period between the close of the Napoleonic wars in 1815 and the disastrous exposé of 1854 was perhaps the most unhappy and discreditable in the whole of our military history. So we must condole with the distinguished military writer who, at the request of the committee of the Royal Artillery Institution, undertook the thankless task of tracing the history of the Royal Regiment throughout those lean years. As the author very truly remarks, "the war services of the regiment were few and obscure, and the only available landmarks were struggles in Parliament about proposed reductions or augmentations and changes in the organisation of the arm". As after the South African war, so after Waterloo little time was lost in effecting reductions. Thus by 1823 the artillery had been reduced by 114 officers, 10,383 men, and 8,345 horses. Needless to say, these reductions had to be made good when the political sky began to be clouded in 1845; and of course the Crimean campaign as usual found us with far too few men. The fallacy, however, of reducing the army after the close of a great war has so often been proved and so invariably disregarded that it is quite hopeless to anticipate that the pregnant lesson will ever be learnt by Governments or the people.

"*The Manufacture of Paper.*" By E. W. Sindall. London: Constable. 1909. 6s. net.

Paper-making is to-day an industry of vast proportions, and much ingenuity and skill are brought to bear in order to secure the right kind for special purposes and to cope with a demand which renders necessary the discovery of new sources of supply almost every year. As Mr. Sindall says, both the engineer and the chemist are indispensable to paper-making, and the materials used and the process of manufacture are of greater variety than even many big buyers of paper are aware. Mr. Sindall's book, which belongs to the Westminster Series, tells us all that is essential in the history and the methods of manufacture. He describes it as an elementary text-book, but the man who masters all he has to say will be fairly well informed. The book should be in the hands of every newspaper, magazine, and book producer.

"*Colchester Pageant, June 21-26.*" London: Jarrold. 1909. 1s. net.

Pageant possibilities are nowhere to be found in greater profusion than in and about ancient Camulodunum. Mr. Louis N. Parker has a fine field here for the display of his peculiar genius. Towards the end of June next Colchester will be the pivot of a celebration for which many people in Essex have been working during a couple of years past. The souvenir and book of words is out betimes. It affords

a brief but graphic idea of the story to be illustrated in the country of oysters and roses, and will enable all who are interested to master the dialogue, which to the great bulk of the spectators can be little more than dumb show.

"*Dictionary of Political Economy.*" Vol. III., N-Z. Edited by R. H. Inglis Palgrave. London: Macmillan. 1908. 21s. net.

This is the third and final volume of the reprint of 1901 corrected and brought up to the most recent date. The first edition was printed ten years ago and at once took its place as the standard work of this kind, as it was bound to do, when the list of contributors included all the names of living writers on economics or on subjects in any degree connected therewith. Everything is to be found in it—theoretical, statistical, historical, and legal.

THE APRIL REVIEWS.

Government admissions as to German progress in ship-building provided the monthly reviewer with a fine topic just in time for inclusion in the April issues. The "English Review", which manages still to strike an unconventional note each month, seems to regard the scare as a "put-up job" between the Government and the Unionist leaders, in order that the necessary Navy Estimates may be got through in the face of the opposition which is sure to come from the Radical benches. If there were anything in this view it would go some way to discount Sir William White's depreciation of "the heroic method" in his very able and technically valuable article in the "Nineteenth Century". Sir William does not attempt to minimise the necessity of British supremacy at sea, but he is not convinced of the ability of Germany to do all that is claimed for her, nor of the wisdom of wedging ourselves to the "Dreadnought" type. To some extent the most important point in his article

(Continued on page 472.)

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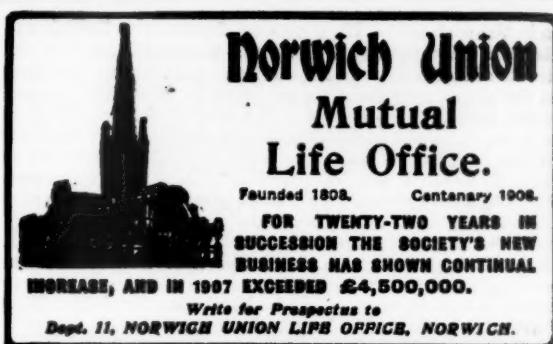
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for the Year ended November 14, 1908, reported at the Eighty-Third Annual General Meeting of the Company, held at Edinburgh on Tuesday, April 6, 1909, GEORGE DALZIEL, Esq., W.S., in the Chair.

Amount of Assurances accepted during the year 1908, for which 3,986 Policies were issued	... £1,947,037
Of this amount there was Re-assured with other Offices	... 105,091
Leaving Net Amount of New Assurances for the year	... £1,841,946
Amount received in purchase of Annuities during the year	... £52,498
Claims by Death during the year, with Bonus Additions	... £687,821
Claims under Endowments and Endowment Assurances, with Bonus Additions	... 159,663
Total Claims during the year	... £847,484
Increase in the Funds during the year	... £276,452
Subsisting Assurances at November 14, 1908	... £29,132,024

Accumulated Funds - - - £12,297,103

After deducting Current Liabilities

Revenue for the Year - - - £1,511,849

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is in the postscript. He gives some figures as to British and German warships supplied by the Prime Minister in the debate of 22 March. If Mr. McKenna had given these facts at the commencement of the debate, says Sir William, there would have been no approach to a scare. We are afraid it will require much more persuasive power than Sir William White possesses to make us believe that the scare is due to Mr. McKenna's way of presenting facts to Parliament. Mr. McKenna would not have missed any opportunity for showing that the Government had combined efficiency with economy! In the same Review the Earl of Erroll, in a few pointed pages, says the time has come when we might point out with advantage to Germany that we mean to remain masters of the North Sea; and Mr. Ellis Barker at considerable length shows how the naval policy of the Liberal Party has had the consequences he predicted, as though he alone were a prophet in these matters. Mr. Ellis Barker is thorough: he not only advocates "Dreadnoughts", he wants to know what we are doing to meet the twenty airships which Germany will have two years hence.

Both the "Fortnightly" and the "National" give considerable space in their reviews of the month's events to the naval situation; they as well as several of the individual writers on the subject make cordial acknowledgment of the patriotic offers of the colonies. The "Fortnightly" takes the Imperial point of view, and thinks that England can only hope to command the seas with the assistance of the colonies. "England alone might hold the sea for a decade, but hardly for a generation." In the "National", "Dreadnought" explains what he calls "the Demobilisation of the Fleet" that has been brought about by the surrender of three Prime Ministers and four First Lords to the Fisher régime. Between 1904 and 1906, "Dreadnought" says, the material of the Fleet was increased, while the personnel was reduced by three thousand men, and it stands at the reduced figure to-day. "The Home Fleet was the new name invented by Sir John Fisher to disguise the fact that the effective strength of the Navy had been reduced"; Sir John Fisher's policy has not only "decreased the physical numbers, it has poisoned the spirit of the Navy". The reviewer is caustic at the expense of men like Mr. McKenna, "the barrister imported from the Treasury, whose sole qualification, according to his own statement, was a knack of economy learned in that 'admirable' department", and "Dr. Macnamara, the Cheapjack of Nonconformity", but he says nothing can be done so long as Admiral of the Fleet Sir John Fisher is First Sea Lord. "Blackwood" pays Mr. McKenna the compliment of admitting that he has frankly confessed failure and not attempted to rival the bland optimism of Sir John Fisher and Mr. Haldane. The Admiralty failure emphasises the weakness of the territorial forces scheme, and, says "Blackwood", "we can no longer trust to the accident of advertisement and melodrama". We are beginning to understand the price we have to pay for the privilege of living under a Radical Government. The time has gone by when Ministers who betray the vital interests of their country are subject to impeachment. "But at least we may see to it that no consideration of a false economy, no hankering after a spurious reputation which comes of distributing other people's money to those who have no claim to it, shall put in peril the defences of the country or expose our coasts to the risk of invasion." An open letter in the "Contemporary" from the German Michel to John Bull, setting forth the German naval case, is merely a sentimental Radical masquerade in pseudo-Teutonic guise to prove that all the responsibility for the competition in naval construction rests with John Bull himself.

Mr. Harold Spender's article in the "Contemporary" on "The Budget and the Situation" is another attempt to convince the world that the day of prophets is not over. Mr. Spender is quite proud of the fact that in August 1908 he foretold "the commonplaces of March 1909" and pointed out that an extra £12,000,000, including £3,000,000 for the Navy, would have to be raised. The "biggest financial resettlement" faced by any Government for many years past will provide Ministers with "the crucial task of their existence". Among the expedients to which Mr. Spender anticipates the Chancellor of the Exchequer will have recourse is the taxation of land, giving a revenue in the first year of £2,000,000. He has no more misgiving on the subject than Mr. John Orr, who answers Mr. Harold Cox in the "Nineteenth Century". Mr. Spender airily waves aside all talk of "confiscation" and "robbery": the question of honesty apart, there are considerations to be weighed which do not appeal to Messrs. Spender and Orr, though Mr. Harold Cox is now alive to them. Some are stated forcibly by Sir John Rolleston in the "Financial Review of Reviews", a periodical which is serving an admirable purpose just now. If,

as Sir John Rolleston says, land values in England are on the decrease, whilst in nearly every other country they are improving, the present would be a peculiarly inopportune time for imposing new burdens on landowners. There are other ways of raising money, but those ways find no favour with the Government though they are growing in favour with the country. Mr. Spender suggests that it is perhaps fortunate the occasion for this new taxation "falls in with that strange development of our Constitution by which the House of Lords has succeeded in blocking all the chief avenues of legislative advance". But suppose the Budget should take a form which might make the House of Lords feel justified in intervening here also? Mr. Ernest Williams in the "Fortnightly" goes back seven hundred years in order to prove that the Lords have still the right to amend financial legislation, though they have for the most part let the right fall into practical abeyance. And, says Mr. Williams, never was the necessity for the exercise of such a right more pressing than it is to-day. In the "Financial Review of Reviews" Dr. Beattie Crozier looks afresh at the problem of taxation from the point of view of protection and evolution, and examines various schemes in their bearing on the coming Budget, once again discarding "the worthless baggage of the Old Academic Economy". Sir Nathaniel Dunlop in "Blackwood" finds in Tariff Reform the remedy for unemployment, as well as other national blessings. The "English Review" regards a trial at any rate of Tariff Reform as certain; and in the "Nineteenth Century" Lord Hugh Cecil considers how best to deal with "the fiscal sore" of the Unionist party. It cannot, he says, be healed by secession or assimilation. "Could it not be healed by toleration? I think it could." Refusal of toleration he explains on the ground that "the design of the more extreme tariff reformers is to change the Unionist party into a Protectionist party; into a party of plutocratic defence, somewhat callous about public corruption but zealous for industrial progress; a party setting high the efficiency and greatness of their country, but not often reflecting on the ultimate ethical justification for national progress; a party, in short, in its better elements nobly pagan, in its worse somewhat sordidly self-interested".

Special interest of a personal kind attaches to two articles on foreign affairs by Sir Rowland Blennerhassett, who did not live to see them published. One on Foreign Policy and its general principles as illustrated by various periods appears in the "Fortnightly"; the other on England and Russia, and the change which has taken place in their relations in the past eighteen months, appears in the "National", in whose pages Lord Newton writes on the outlook for the Young Turks, their want of money and of experienced men, the conflict of rival races, and the ever-present danger of foreign aggression. Dr. Dillon, in his usual "Contemporary" survey, deals chiefly with the Balkans, and expresses his belief that if the peace should be broken the trouble will be confined to South-Eastern Europe. There will be no general war. In the "Oxford and Cambridge Review" the outstanding Balkan problem—the claim of Servia to some compensation for the destruction of her hopes, compensation which he thinks Austria should make—is stated by Mr. V. Hussey Walsh. India is less in evidence this month, but Sir Charles Crosthwaite has an article on "Breaching the Bureaucracy" in "Blackwood"; and Sir Bampfylde Fuller in the "Nineteenth Century" shows how much more that bureaucracy has been able to do for the people of India than could be expected of a so-called more popular régime. The "Asiatic Quarterly", of course, contains various contributions of Indian interest, and in the "Empire Review" Colonel Fancourt deals with a military aspect of the recent unrest. Mr. George Macartney in the "National" explains the principles on which the Chinese have successfully ruled an alien race in Turkestan; and Mr. J. T. Headland in the "Century" describes the Court at Peking, with special reference to Prince Chun and the Dowager Empress, of whom he asks "Is it too much to say that she was the greatest woman of the last century?"

Of the occasional articles, one of the most notable is Sir W. B. Hamilton's in the "Nineteenth Century" on disbursements and developments at the Colonial Office in the last forty-four years. Edward Fitzgerald is the subject of essays in the "Fortnightly" and "Cornhill" by Mr. Francis Gribble and Mr. A. C. Benson. Mr. R. B. Cunningham Graham has a delightful sketch of "A Sailor (Old Style)" in the "English Review", and Mr. David Hannay of "The Seaman"—also old style—in "Blackwood"; Mr. Austin Dobson writes on "Percy and Goldsmith" in the "National", and Mr. Filson Young on the old age of Richard Wagner in the "Englishwoman".



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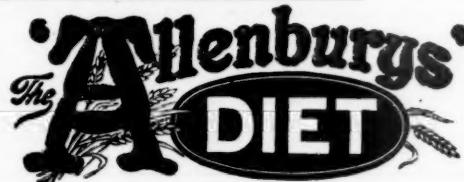
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The Twenty-fifth Ordinary General Meeting of shareholders in the Anglo-Argentine Tramway Company, Limited, was held on Wednesday at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, E.C., Mr. J. B. Concannon (Chairman of the Company) presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. W. D. Dawes) having read the notice convening the meeting and the auditors' report,

The Chairman said: As the Buenos Ayres Electric and Belga Argentine Companies were worked by us for the second half of the year only, a comparison between the whole of 1908 and the year 1907 would not convey any useful information; but I shall presently give you some interesting figures showing the effects of the fusion up to the end of February last. In the meantime I will merely point out that after charging revenue with £48,000, which we have carried to the depreciation renewals fund, and allowing for the city company's annuity, the interest and sinking fund on the debentures, dividends on both classes of preference shares, and the proportion of sinking fund on the latter and on the ordinary shares for the year, the revenue account shows a surplus of £101,538. From that figure has to be deducted the payment of £50,250, being the final payment of interest to June 30 last on the purchase money of the Buenos Ayres and Belgrano Tramways, £2,700 voted to the retiring directors, and payment of the interim dividend on 40,000 ordinary shares for the half-year ended June 30, and allowing for a dividend of 6½ per cent. per annum for the second half-year, which the directors now recommend should be paid on the 300,000 ordinary shares existing as from July 1, a balance of £12,839 8s. 1d. remains to be carried forward to this year, 1909. Now as regards the various companies which we have absorbed: to avoid repetition I will only mention, by way of supplementing the particulars given in the report, that the Grand National and La Capital Traction and Electric Companies' systems are being worked by the Anglo Company as from the first day of this month. Although we were working the Belgrano system from July 1, 1907, and the Buenos Ayres Electric and the Belga Argentine systems from July 1, 1908, we were only able to run new services in combination with the Anglo as from October 1 last, and the result has been that for the quarter ended December 31 the total combined receipts showed an increase of 10.72 per cent. and the working expenses came down from 57.09 per cent. to 55.46 per cent. against the corresponding quarter in 1907; while for the months of January and February this year the net profit amounted to £95,249, being an increase of £11,009, or 13 per cent.; so that I think it is reasonable to expect further large increases in net receipts when we are in a position to work new services over the Grand National and La Capital Traction Company's lines in combination with our present system, especially when I remind you that these systems are far larger and more important than those of the Belgrano, Buenos Ayres Electric, and Belga Argentine. To sum up, we anticipate that the results for this current year, although one of transition, will, after providing for all prior charges, leave a balance sufficient to pay a satisfactory dividend on the ordinary shares, while we look for a further substantial improvement in the net revenue in the year 1910 and subsequent years. I may here mention that next year (1910) will be celebrated the centenary of the Independence of the Republic, and we naturally look for a great influx of passengers into Buenos Ayres, and no doubt our traffics will benefit very materially thereby. I now beg to move formally: "That the report and accounts now presented to the meeting be received and adopted."

Mr. E. A. Lazarus seconded the motion, which was unanimously adopted.

The Chairman next proposed: "That a dividend of 5s. 3d. per share, free of income-tax, being at the rate of 6½ per cent. per annum, be paid on the 300,000 ordinary shares for the six months ended December 31, 1908."

Mr. John Heaton seconded the motion, which was unanimously agreed to.

A vote of £5,000 was made to the Chairman for his valuable services, and votes of thanks to the directors and staff concluded the proceedings.

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